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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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## CONTENTS.

I. THE GUILDS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	707
II. THE SIEGE OF SUNDA GUNGE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	716
III. THE DEVELOPMENT OF TROPICAL AFRICA UNDER BRITISH AUSPICES, . . . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . . . .	722
IV. UNDER A COLONNADE, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . . . .	735
V. IRISH CHRONICLES. Gerald the Great, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . . . .	743
VI. MME. DE CHEVREUSE, . . . . .	<i>Belgravia</i> , . . . . .	753
VII. HOUSEKEEPING TROUBLES IN THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES, . . . . .	<i>Westminster Review</i> , . . . . .	758
VIII. INTERVIEWING EXTRAORDINARY, . . . . .	<i>Spectator</i> , . . . . .	762
IX. KOCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, . . . . .	<i>Nature</i> , . . . . .	764
X. GENERAL BOOTH'S SCHEME, . . . . .	<i>Economist</i> , . . . . .	766
XI. ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE AT MUNICH, . . . . .	<i>St. James's Gazette</i> , . . . . .	768

## POETRY.

A NOVEMBER NOTE, . . . . .	706	BEREAVED, . . . . .	706
REVERENCE, . . . . .	706	THE WILD ROSE, . . . . .	706
A VILLAGE NATURALIST, . . . . .	706	GORSE AND HEATHER, . . . . .	706
MISCELLANY, . . . . .			768

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

## A NOVEMBER NOTE.

## I.

WHY, throble, do you sing  
In this November haze?  
Singing for what? for whom?  
Deem you that it is Spring,  
Or that your woodland lays  
Will stave off Winter's gloom?

## II.

Then did the bird reply:  
"I sing because I know  
That Spring will surely come:  
That is the reason why,  
Though menaced by the snow,  
Even now I am not dumb.

## III.

"But few are they that hear,  
And fewer still that feel,  
The meaning of my song,  
Until the note be clear,  
Re-echoed be the peal,  
Early, and late, and long.

## IV.

"But you have heard and owned  
The sound of my refrain,  
Yet tentative and low.  
Thus, poet, be intoned,  
You own foreshadowing strain,  
Trusting that some will know:

## V.

"That some will know and say,  
When greetings of the Spring  
Wake Winter from its bed,  
This is the self-same lay  
We overheard him sing  
When dead hearts deemed him dead."  
Academy. ALFRED AUSTIN.

## REVERENCE.

THERE is an inner voice in woods and hills  
Most sweet that it hath no articulate word;  
The mystic chant of rivulet and bird  
With dreamlike longing all my spirit fills;  
Great Nature with half-spoken mystery thrills;  
And, were the spell with which the heart is stirred  
Laid rudely bare, the voice were no more heard  
Ringing from all the mountains, woods, and rills.  
And thou, O God! before whose burning throne  
With folded wings the seraph veils his face,  
I ask not, foolish-hearted, to be shown  
The vast dread secrets of thy dwelling-place,  
But rather, filled with reverent awe, would bend  
Before a God I may not comprehend.  
Spectator. W. WALSHAM WAKEFIELD.

## A VILLAGE NATURALIST.

[In Memoriam: William Greenip (rural postman), a close observer of nature: obit November 1st, at Keswick.]

GOD sometimes fills a poor man's patient heart  
With his own reverent love and constant care  
For all the things he hath created fair, —  
Birds, flowers, the wings that fly, the fins that dart, —  
And therewithal by Nature's winsome art  
Leads him to heights of philosophic air  
Where clamor dies, Heaven's ether is so rare,  
And bids him walk with gentleness apart.  
Friend! such wert thou: the Newlands valley dew,  
The star o'er Grisedale's purple head that shone,  
Were not more silent, but each stream and glade,  
Each bird that flashed, all dusky moths that flew,  
All flowers, held commune with thee. Thou art gone:  
And Nature mourns the tender heart she made.  
Spectator. H. D. RAWNSLEY.

## BEREAVED.

LET me come in where you sit weeping — ay,  
Let me, who have not any child to die,  
Weep with you for the little one whose love  
I have known nothing of.

The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed  
Their pressure round your neck — the hands  
you used  
To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew,  
May I not weep with you?

Fain would I be of service — say some thing  
Between the tears that would be comforting,  
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,  
Who have no child to die.  
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

## THE WILD ROSE.

IF by each rose we see  
A thorn there grows,  
Strive that no thorn shall be  
Without its rose.

GORSE AND HEATHER.  
HE who would know the fell,  
The gorse, the heather,  
Must love the storm as well  
As sunny weather.

GERARD BENDALL.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE GUILDS OF THE EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.

MODERN art not only in England, in France and Germany, but also in Italy, when historically investigated, appears to have no direct connection with Renaissance art. By this latter term we are accustomed to describe that classical period, extending over two centuries, upon which nowadays we look as an art of the highest standard—an epoch which may well be compared in many, if not most, respects with the best period of ancient Greek art, twenty centuries ago. There seems in modern art a tendency to revert to the principles laid down by the great old masters of the Renaissance period, whose works receive more study and appreciation at the present time than has ever been the case before. To those, therefore, who have enjoyed the masterpieces produced by the old masters, it will be interesting to investigate the conditions and the chances of their art, and to consider their aims, their education, their modes of preparing and executing the works, and the manner in which their success was attained.

Questions like these cannot well be discussed with any chance of satisfactory results in the case of the old Greek artists. We know too little about their private life, their social position, and their artistic education to be able to pronounce an opinion on these points. Besides, the works of those Greek artists, whom we know by name, have come down to us in a very small number. Most of them are in a fragmentary state, and about the studio-life of those times we have no knowledge whatever. A large number of the finest existing antique sculptures are copies of the lost Greek originals; they were executed at the Roman period, that is to say, four and more centuries later, and were not free from adaptation to the vaguer taste of less artistic generations. No wonder that, under the circumstances, only very few antique sculptures can come under consideration when such questions of primary importance as the execution and style of the various Greek masters are to be investigated.

But when we come to the study of the Renaissance art we encounter no such difficulties, for the number of original works still preserved is abundant. Much is known about the lives of the artists, and about the society of the time, and also about the taste which the artists had to satisfy with their works, so that there is every opportunity given to us of making a thoroughly comprehensive and appreciative study of Renaissance art. And it may even be said that the abundance of material excludes the possibility of purely imaginary inferences, which, in archæological researches, greatly predominate. If, nevertheless, we find that the opinions of those who have written on Renaissance art are occasionally clashing, we must consider that these studies are still in a state of infancy, and have not yet had time to ripen, the less so because many have embarked in them without having a congenial nature for art, which may be said to be a necessary condition for these studies and researches. It is, I believe, not enough to have the capacity for appreciating the beautiful in art and in nature, or to have undergone an artist's education, nor will it be sufficient to be versed in æsthetics. The student of Renaissance art is not allowed, as the general public may be, to cut short the questions of the merits of the various schools and of the various masters by simply expressing his opinion that he likes or that he does not like this or that picture, that he cares or does not care for this or that style of painting. On the contrary, in criticising an old master's work individual bias or predilections of taste must not be allowed to warp the judgment.

One of the chief characteristics of the Renaissance artists is the predominance of individual character in their respective works. How can it be possible to do justice to this individual character if we deny it the privilege of being judged by the standard of excellence particular to those times?

Of all the epochs of painting there is, I believe, none in which the merits of the various works of art depend so much on this special characteristic. Its explanation thus becomes the most important

problem an art critic has to solve when giving an opinion on a work by an old master. In Italian Renaissance art the individual character is apparent to such a degree that the demonstration of its outward signs is practically an easier task than the conclusive judgment on the æsthetic merits, about which, it seems, critics seldom agree.

How to investigate and to define this individuality ought to be of the first importance for the student of that art. But, before this question can be answered satisfactorily, I think it necessary to explain in what way the individuality of the several artists expresses itself.

The individual character of any single work of art may be investigated from three points of view:—

1. The time when it was produced.
2. The school to which it belonged.
3. The master who probably executed it.

These questions have to be decided upon irrespective of external evidences, such as documentary information, signatures, tradition, or the like, which, however, may become useful as tending to substantiate the internal evidence, as the case may be.

The personal individuality of the single great artists is to a great extent dependent on that of the school out of which he has sprung, and still more on that of the single masters by whom he has been taught, and under whose directions he has served as an apprentice.

By the way, I may observe that in the domain of modern art it would be quite preposterous to give such a primary importance to the definition of the individuality of a school or of a single master. We must not forget that the sphere of the fine arts is at the present day an altogether different one, and so it has been everywhere in Europe for three centuries since—that is to say, ever since the academies have become the centres of artistic instruction. There can be no doubt that the base of academic instruction, as imparted to our young artists, is a much broader one than it had been, and than it could be, under the Renaissance artists. But it appears to me that the academic

instruction is in its comprehensiveness the negation of those tendencies by which the Renaissance artists were inspired and which brought about their success. In proof of this I shall confine myself to one statement, which I believe to be conclusive.

It will be very difficult, if not impossible, to an art critic, when examining the pictures or the sculptures at some international exhibition, to give his opinion about a good many of the sculptures and the pictures, as to whether they are by the hand of some Spanish or of some Italian, or perhaps even of some Russian artist; whether a portrait comes from Norway or from Rome; whether a wood-scenery has been done by a Hungarian painter, or by one of Munich, or of Paris. I must not be understood to say that I find it difficult to discriminate between the works of reputed artists, whose style is well known to us, because we have seen them a good many times, and, so to say, lived with them. Not only art critics, but also the public at large, are well able to distinguish between the portraits by Reynolds and by Gainsborough, by Millais and by Herkomer, and so with many others. We all have seen authentic works by the hand of such prominent artists, and have become impressed by their marked individual style, so that there can be no difficulty in recognizing it again whenever we come across productions by their hand.

But, on the other hand, it is not less true that we are subject to the grossest errors as soon as we go out of the sphere of our acquaintance; and the worst of it is, that on this wide field we are left without definite rules to guide us. Notwithstanding the numerous exhibitions, which offer us the best possible opportunity of comparative studies in this direction, we are bound to confess that we are unable to detect, in the works of most of the minor artists, such peculiarities which mark them out as belonging to some local school.

Let us now contemplate Renaissance art under the same aspect in order to make it more clear what I intend to say. Let us suppose that the pictures by the old Italian masters exhibited at the National Gal-

lery had not the names of the artists written on the frames, and that there were no catalogue affording such information. Now I want to say that any art critic or connoisseur, if called upon, on his first visit to that collection, to name the artists who painted the several pictures, or at least to point out the local schools to which a personally unknown painter must have belonged, would be able to answer such questions without having seen these pictures before, or even without having heard of the existence of such pictures. Nay, in not a few instances he will also be able to give the approximate date of a picture, even when the dates of an artist's lifetime are not known. In the case of well-known artists, such as Giovanni Bellini, by whom there are five pictures in the National Collection, it would be a matter of but little difficulty to say at first sight in what chronological order they may be arranged. With Raphael, by whom there are four pictures, it is almost possible to give a precise date to each of them, the style of painting being the only evidence from which such inferences can be drawn. Even when pictures come from the hand of inferior artists, whose names are lost, and cannot be traced any more, we must be prepared to say whether these artists belonged to the Florentine, to the Umbrian, the Venetian, the Milanese, or any other local school. A designation such as "Venetian" may even, in most cases, appear to be too vague, as under this head we are accustomed to comprise various local schools which were of a quite independent position, such as the schools of Padua, of Treviso, of Bassano, of Verona, and of Venice proper.

Again, when this question of the local schools has been settled about pictures by the hand of well-known artists, as well as by those who rank on a comparatively low level, it remains to be stated at what approximate date each of these pictures has been executed. Fifteen or twenty years' difference is distinctly noticeable, even with inferior masters of but little individual character; so much so, that errors or mistakes on these points can by no means be considered as being of little consequence.

The great variety of style in the works of the several masters and schools renders these studies especially interesting. But before entering any further into this matter it will be convenient to meet one objection which may be raised against my statement on the distinctive character of Renaissance art when compared with modern art.

From the standpoint of modern civilization, modern life, and modern society we have little or no difficulty in understanding and appreciating the distinctive character of the pictorial art of the various nations, wherever that character appears to be sufficiently marked out. Modern life offers us, indeed, frequent opportunities to pronounce such judgments. We are also wont to find out those peculiarities by which the nationality of certain artists makes itself felt. A French or an Italian painter, when doing a male portrait, will, as a rule, display quite a different taste from an English or German painter, even when the general appearance of the figures may not have the national type or fashion distinctly pronounced. When examining such portraits, we cannot help looking at them with a certain predisposition to detect in them the reflex of those habits and of that countenance of which we possess well-defined notions beforehand, as the result of our observations in social life, quite independent of art. In Italy the individual character of the people of the various provinces is, I believe, of a more special type than in most other civilized countries, and this is especially noticeable in the centres of the several provinces, such as Venice, Florence, Milan, Naples, and others. But why is it that, notwithstanding this fact, it is no more possible at the present day to treat on the art of that country under such general headings as Venetian, Tuscan, Florentine, and Lombard art, and so on? Every one who has been living in that country is able to recognize without any difficulty the differences of race in the language and in the manners of the people, notwithstanding the now prevailing marked tendency to neutralize, in the interest of political unification, what is still left of such inborn and inherited dissim-



ilarities. We find that three or four centuries ago, when cities like Padua, Bassano, Treviso, Vicenza, and Verona were all under one political rule, viz., that of Venice, the individuality of the artists of these towns was strongly marked. The area covered by the towns just named, with their respective provinces, occupied no more than Wales, but a pictorial subject, say the Infant Christ, or a landscape background, was treated by them in so distinct a style that nowadays we can distinguish those peculiarities with absolute certainty. This is the case even if we judge from the pictures alone, without reference to the social distinctions of the races under the common sway of Venice.

I believe one of the principal causes of this individualism in Renaissance art is to be found in the fact that within these various centres art was centralized as well as monopolized by well-constituted guilds, in which, as a matter of course, the natural artistic gifts and dispositions of the race were fostered, and, consequently, in the successive generations brought to the highest development of which they were capable.

The rules by which these guilds governed themselves deserve, therefore, our special attention. A few such statutes have fortunately been preserved in Italian archives. They are as yet very little known; art historians do not appear to have taken notice of them. But I believe that the subject of these statutes deserves to be closely investigated, as throwing light on some of the most vital questions with which we have to deal in our studies of the Renaissance art.

The oldest I am aware of is the statute of the guild of Verona, which I have found in an old and not yet published manuscript. It dates from the beginning of the fourteenth century, the time at which many wealthy Italian cities, fully conscious of their power and strength, strove for municipal freedom and independence, and when, after having thrown over the feudal government of the Middle Ages, they aimed at giving solidity to their newly established commonwealth. Some forty years after the death of Ezzelino Romano, by which the reign of terror of this great Ghibelline chief had come to an end, Verona enjoyed the peaceful government of the Scaligeri, and the leading families of the town became desirous of having their palaces and villas richly decorated by painters. Many artists were then coming to Verona to settle down there, whereas a short time before, when

Ezzelino ruled the town, the artists had all been banished, or had to flee to save their lives, because in the time of Ezzelino they were looked upon as being connected with the Guelph or papal party, on account of their being chiefly engaged in painting for churches. Now, under the government of the Scaligeri, they had to work for private palaces as well as for churches. There was plenty to do, and the work being remunerative, they felt the necessity of forming an association with the object of guarding reciprocally the interests of the profession. After some discussion the following statute, composed of twelve paragraphs, was agreed upon:—

I. That no one shall be allowed to become a member without having practised the fine arts for fully twelve years.

II. Twelve artists are to be elected members, and this number is not to be exceeded.

III. The reception of a new member depends on his condition of being a senior.

IV. The members are obliged in the winter season to take upon themselves the common instruction of the pupils in turn.

V. Members are liable to be expelled on being convicted of theft.

VI. Fraternal assistance in necessity of whatever kind.

VII. General agreement in the controversies; "*grande concertantia in le controversie.*"

VIII. Hospitality towards strangers, when passing through the town, as thus information may be obtained about matters which one may like to learn.

IX. Reciprocal obligation of offering comfort in the case of debility.

X. Members to follow the funerals of members with lanterns and burning torches.

XI. The president of the company to exercise supreme authority about the regulations.

XII. President is to be that member who has been in the company the longest time.

We may imagine that the rules referring to the administration were somewhat different in other guilds of that early period, the statutes of which have not been preserved. Even in one and the same guild the statute appears to have been subjected to alterations from time to time. But these alterations referred in most cases to the administration, whereas the rules about the rights and obligations of the members, and about the education of the pupils, very likely underwent less or no changes.

From the biographies of the artists we learn that for three centuries, if not more, it was the general practice to place the youths who wished to become painters at a very early age with the masters, who

were paid for their tuition by the parents. During the first few years the boys were chiefly engaged in doing services of a low order, and which nowadays would be considered even as unbecoming or humiliating, such as grinding colors, cleaning the tools, and the like. So the old painters of Verona, who probably had not much time to devote to their pupils, may have thought that they could best satisfy their claims for having the benefit of theoretical instruction by founding a special art school, which was to be attended by the pupils and assistants of all the masters. This school was open only during the winter months, when fresco painting in the dark churches and palaces used to be suspended, and when there was less practical work for the pupils and assistants. As all the masters were bound to teach at that school in turn, the pupils had the great advantage of becoming acquainted with the merits of the various masters. Another, and perhaps not less weighty consideration of the founders of that school, must have been the interest in the advancement of the local art as professed by the masters, who must have had an interest in excluding the competition of masters of neighboring or foreign places. We shall soon see with what severe regulations the guilds guarded themselves in later times against the influx of foreign art. In those early times the Veronese masters, in their more liberal spirit, did not object to receive hospitably foreign members of their profession, provided that they were merely passing through the town on some journey, and that they came without intention of settling there, which, as a matter of course, would not have been allowed to them. But passing travellers — so it had been agreed upon — were not to be molested. On the contrary, the members of the guild were bound to receive them hospitably, and we may imagine that when some such painter who had become famous arrived, the members of the guild were convened in special meeting for the ostensible purpose of entertaining him, but with the real object of getting from him the secrets of the profession as exercised by him, or by others who may have become of repute. The painters of Verona had indeed very good reason to become jealous of their own reputation, considering that in past centuries not only the princes of central Italy, and occasionally also the popes, but also the emperors and kings of Germany, had given commissions to Veronese painters, and even had called them away from Ve-

rona to serve them as their court painters, as appears from that old manuscript from which our knowledge of the statute of the Veronese guild is derived.

Here I may also mention that the coat-of-arms of the Veronese guild of painters was a monogram formed by the two letters S and L, meaning St. Luke, intertwined with two painters' brushes placed cross-ways, and above was a cross. With this emblem on their banner as well as on the right breasts of their own coats, the members of the guild used to appear officially and to join public processions. The first patron or honorary president of the guild was Messer Francesco Cane, a member of the reigning Scaligeri family. Another nobleman, Messer Menico, held the office of the first acting president, and this was at about the time when Dante came to Verona, to stay there for some years as the guest of the Scaligeri.

In other Italian towns the regulations and usages of the painters' guilds must have been very much the same in the main points. When we compare the statutes of the Veronese guild of that early date with those agreed upon by the painters of Florence, more than two and a half centuries later, we are struck by the great similarity between them.

The exact date of the foundation of the Florentine Company of St. Luke is not known. The original statutes have been lost, as well as the rolls of the painters, of which, however, a later copy is in existence. The earliest date which we find in that copy attached to a painter's name is 1339. But there is also evidence in favor of the year 1303 as being the date of the foundation of the company, that is to say, the very year in which at Verona the company was established.

The only details known about the Florentine Company of St. Luke refers to its organization, the church services and other religious obligations of its members. Of these it may only be mentioned here that the brethren were enjoined to recite daily five paternosters and five Ave Marias, and when they forget to do so to make the number good on a future occasion. This confraternity, according to the statutes, was open to women as well as men, but the register of the female members, if such a roll ever existed, is no longer extant. The company admitted among the members not only the painters, but all the members of the art generally, and even persons exercising other trades or professions. The company was governed by four captains, four councillors,

and two treasurers. On certain occasions, as at the election of officers, some of the brethren appear to have been called in council, or it may be that a certain number of members were requested to form a quorum. It was necessary that the captains and treasurers should have adopted the art of painters. The post of councillor was open to any member of the company irrespective of his profession.

The seal of the company was a winged bull in a recumbent position supporting a book with its right paw, the well-known emblem of St. Luke, the patron saint of all the painters' guilds, and a nimbus behind its head.

The fact that the Florentine painters were matriculated in the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, which was one of the most important guilds of Florence, accounts for the comparatively insignificant rôle which the Company of St. Luke appears to have played there as a separate body, so long as the profession proved to be better represented by that more important body.

Already in the year 1406 complaints were made in the Company of St. Luke that the attendance at the religious services were "less regular than heretofore, and that the members no longer rendered due obedience to the captains, or paid their fees willingly, thus tending to the dispersal of the said company and to the injury of this guild and university, which is especially displeasing to our Lord Jesus Christ." And so it was ordered that in future every painter in the city of Florence, being a member of the company, whether matriculated in the guild or not, as well as all other persons who may or shall belong to the same, should attend divine service once or twice a month at the said church or make oblations and obey the orders of the captains, under penalty of a fine of twelve denari for each time they shall be absent from divine service or negligent in conforming to the commands of the captains without legitimate excuse. If the fine were not paid, the servants or messengers of the guild, at the request of the said captains, or of two of them, were to seize the goods of the debtor to recover the amount under a penalty of twenty soldi of *florini piccioli*, to be deducted from their wages and applied to the purposes of the said guild.

From the strictness of these regulations we may judge of the powers which the Florentine guild of painters must have exercised in the more vital questions relating to the exercise of the profession.

At the middle of the sixteenth century — that is to say, at the time when most of the guilds had altogether lost their former power and position — the Florentine Company of St. Luke had also fallen into decay. But some leading members of the profession thought it then proper to revive it, a fact which, unimportant as it may seem to have been, has had consequences of special importance in the history of the fine arts. So in January, 1563, the *Accademia del Disegno* was inaugurated at Florence with great pomp in the chapter-house of the convent degli Angeli, a building which had also been the residence of the Guild of St. Luke. The founders of this new academy were well-known artists of the time, painters as well as sculptors, such as Fra Giovanni Montorsoli, Giorgio Vasari, Francesco da San Galle, L'Ammanato, Vincenzo dei Rossi, Michele di Ridolpho Ghirlandajo, and several others.

The statute, which originally comprised only fourteen artists as members, was, as a matter of course, based on the experiences made in the older guilds or associations, and in examining them we shall notice that not a few of the regulations closely resemble those of the old Veronese guild agreed upon two and a half centuries before.

The first chapter of that new Florentine statute treats on the love of God and on charity to neighbors, the last relates to assistance to be given to the sick and to the obsequies to be afforded to deceased members. The intervening twelve articles regulated the general government of the academy, the authority of the officers, the distribution of legacies, and the instruction of the younger members. Sculptors, painters, and architects were admitted as members of the academy, and also independent gentlemen who had cultivated the sciences appertaining to architecture and the art of design, or one of them.

The academy was placed under the immediate patronage of the grand duke of Florence, who accepted the titular headship. The aged Michelangelo, who then lived in Rome, was elected vice-president. The governing body was composed of a lieutenant, who was not an artist, proposed by the academicians and accepted by the prince, of three consuls and three councillors, assisted by a proveditor (administrator), an auditor, a secretary, a chancellor, and two arbiters. The first who held the office of lieutenant was Vincenzo Borghini, governor of the Hospital of the Innocenti, whom we find often mentioned in Vasari's writings as a distin-

guished connoisseur and collector of drawings and other works by the great masters. Two of the consuls were required to be on the roll of the academicians, who were artists distinguished by merit, elected by the vote of all the members of the company; the third consul was a member only.

Any elected officer refusing to serve was fined, if a consul, one lira; if a councillor, ten soldi; and the same for the administrator, the treasurer, the secretary, the infirmieri (members elected to attend on the sick), and the other officials.

The number of the academicians, as well as of the members of the company, appears to have been unlimited.

The new Florentine academy soon became famous, so that artists residing in various parts of Italy desired to be enrolled among its members. Among these were Andrea Palladio, the celebrated architect of Vicenza, Titian, Battista Veronese, better known by the name of Zelotti, Danese Cataneo, Giuseppe Salviati, and Tintoretto, who were elected academicians by acclamation.

In 1571 the academy was made a magistracy, and freed, by grand ducal decree, from subjection to the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, on which it depended for the painters, and to the Guild of the Builders (*fabbrianti*), to which the sculptors and architects had belonged in former times. The academy thus became a guild and university by itself, depending solely, like the other minor guilds, on the tribunal of the Mercanzia, or chamber of commerce.

The magisterial functions of this Florentine academy, the first institution bearing this name, related to the internal affairs and the settlement of disputes between artists and their clients. The Mercanzia acted probably as a court of reference and of appeal. The jurisdiction of the academy extended over all the Florentine territory. It included Pisa, Leghorn, Arezzo, Cortona, Empoli, and Borgo San Sepolero. Not only architects, painters, and sculptors, but all persons who exercised any art or trade the basis of which was design, were subject to the jurisdiction of the academy. Gilders, plasterers, or workers in stucco thus depended on the academy, to which they paid a tax for the right of exercising their trade.

It is interesting to learn that the academy was also deputed to see that the works of celebrated artists were not carried out of the State. On the list of such

especially valued masters were the following names: Michelangelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Beccafumi, Il Rosso, Leonardo da Vinci, Francia Bigio, Pierino del Vaga, Jacopoda Pontormo, Titian, Francesco Salviati, Angelo da Bronzino, Daniele da Volterra, Fra Bartolommeo, Sebastiano del Piombo, Filippino Lippi, Correggio, Parmigiano, Perugino, and Sogliano.

This list contains not a few names of artists who are no more considered as being very distinguished. The compilers of the list seem to have paid especial regard to those Florentine painters who had died lately. Others, who nowadays are highly valued, such as Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, Fra Filippo, and all the early masters of the quattrocento, were left out. They were apparently little thought of in those times, at which the prevailing artistic taste had become an entirely different one.

The statute of 1563 provided that the younger members of the company, at their request, should receive artistic instruction by the academicians. Lessons in anatomy were also ordered to be held during the winter months at the hospital of Santa Maria Nuova, and at these the attendance of the junior members was obligatory. Among the teachers of mathematics at the academy were Ostilio Ricci and Vincenzo Viviani, the one the master, the other the pupil of Galileo.

A few years later a new seal was finally determined on to take the place of the old seal of the Company of St. Luke. The design adopted, which in several bas-reliefs still decorates the walls of the present building, was three garlands of oak, laurel, and olive interlaced with the legend "A Deo quasi nepote" (from God as if his grandchild). In explanation of this curious motto I may refer here to a passage in the writings of Leonardo da Vinci, from which this seems to be taken, and which runs thus: "Painting is born of nature, or, to speak more correctly, we will say it is the grandchild of nature; for all visible things are produced by nature, and these, her children, have given birth to painting. Hence we may justly call it the grandchild of nature, and related to God."

On the same basis as the Florentine Academy, and very likely in imitation of it, an Académie Royale was created in Paris in 1648, which again became the prototype of the Royal Academies of this country, founded in London in 1768, and of other capitals of Europe, where the study of painting, and of the fine arts in

general, is nowadays carried on on similar principles.

Our modern academies may therefore be considered as being historically connected with the old guilds of painters, but only in an indirect way, because in the northern countries the guilds of painters had been abolished a long time before the foundation of the academies. Most of these, especially the earlier ones, were established after the model of the Florentine, which has been the first, and which, as it appears, was originally considered to be only a reorganized Company of St. Luke.

At the time of the Renaissance the obligations of the painters of Florence towards the Florentine Company of St. Luke were of an exceptional character, when compared with the usages of other Italian towns, because at Florence the Company of St. Luke was essentially a religious corporation, which painters were at liberty to join or not. So it had been in Florence during the whole of the fourteenth and of the fifteenth centuries.

Until the close of the thirteenth century the painters of Florence had formed a separate and independent corporation, similar to the painters' guilds of other towns. But about the year 1297 the painters placed themselves under the consuls of the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries, of which they hereafter formed a subdivision. The Florentine Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries (*Arti dei Medici e Speziali*) was one of the seven "*arti maggiori*," or the nobler arts or professions. They were governed by consuls, they had special armorial bearings, and a standard of their own, which was raised in front of the guildhall when the public safety demanded the services of the members. The consuls had authority over all the persons whose names were entered into the rolls of the guild, and so they settled all professional and trade disputes between the members themselves as well as between the members and third parties. This guild had extensive commercial relations also with foreign countries, such as France and England, to which its members imported spices and drugs, partly brought from the East. They were allied to the Guild of the Weavers in Wool, whose chemical knowledge was valued in the preparation of drugs. And as the painters were wont to prepare their colors themselves, we can easily imagine that their association with the Guild of Physicians and Apothecaries had some substantial reasons. The goldsmiths of Florence, in

whose workshops not a few of the best Florentine sculptors had been educated, belonged to the "*Arte della Seta*," or Guild of Silk Manufacturers, which was also one of the seven "*arti maggiori*," or nobler professions, but in this case the association of the two seems to have been a merely accidental one.

The statute of the painters' guild of another Tuscan town, of Siena, is fortunately preserved to us in a valuable old manuscript. This statute is especially profuse in its well-defined regulations about the organization of that body, which enjoyed a quite independent position, and about the powers of its captains. As this statute is one of the very few documents which allow us to have a clear insight into the nature of these guilds, it will be of importance to consider some of its most conspicuous stipulations, which appear to reflect best the spirit of those guilds. In paragraph 6 of the Sienese statute it is ordered that no figure painter, or painter of armorial emblems or otherwise, shall be allowed to execute pictures for which some other painter may have received the commission before, except the latter one has granted him a special license to do so. Ten pounds (or *libre*) were to be the punishment in case of contravention. By § 8, it was forbidden to the members to work on Sundays, and on such religious festival days which were recognized by the consuls of the Guild of Merchants. The rector or president of the painter-masters had power to appoint one or more watchmen, whose business it was to report those who were found breaking the rules. The names of these watchmen were not to be made known to the members, but they had to affirm on oath that they would not denounce any artist out of hatred or ill-will. On the other hand, the rector was empowered to grant permission for working on Sunday to any one who might come forward with a just and discreet application. But it was to be understood that in the case of public works (*lavorio di comune*) such licenses were out of place. Section 9 treats on the obligations of the foreign artists who may come to Siena, not only from foreign countries like Germany, but also from any Italian town. Such foreigners were bound to pay down one gold florin at the office of the guild before they began any work, and, besides, they had to make a deposit of twenty-five lire. Again, no Sienese painter was allowed to engage a foreigner as assistant without having himself fulfilled these stipulations. It becomes evi-



dent from this that foreign artists who may have been in need of work will hardly have felt tempted to seek for work in a town like this, a democratic republic, where they were treated with so little liberality.

By § 15, the painters of Siena were forbidden to induce or to tempt any assistant in the service of some other painter to leave his master and to enter his own studio. On such a misdemeanor a fine of twenty-five lire was imposed.

According to § 17, the rector or president had to make it his business to inquire from time to time, by conversing secretly with the single masters, one by one, whether they knew of any member who had a grudge against one of his colleagues, and that he should do his best to reconcile those whom he might find to be at enmity, or to have some spite against each other.

No painter was allowed, according to § 24, to refuse to accept an office of the guild when the guild bestowed it on him, on the plea that he did not consider it his calling, because the honors as well as the burdens of the guild had to be borne by every one of them. The fine for such a misdemeanor was to be five lire. Finally, in § 38, it is provided that, whenever a painter refuses to pay his fine, or fails to pay it within the term allowed to him, all the other members of the profession will be bound not to have any more to do with such offenders, nor to receive them nor to mix with them in any way.

There can be no doubt that in the course of time some details of the statute were altered; nevertheless, its tendency must have remained the same for centuries. Of this there is ample evidence when we compare this statute of the Siennese guild, which was agreed upon in the year 1355, with the statute of the Paduan guild, which came into force about a century later, it being dated 1441.

In an introductory paragraph of this Paduan statute we find it distinctly stated that, by common consent, a reformed statute had been agreed upon because the old statute did not suit any more the present time, in which manners had become different. Having no knowledge of the old statute, we are unable to say in what the innovations consisted. But we may suppose that they chiefly applied to the details of the administration. When we compare the regulations of the reformed Paduan statute with those of the old guild of Siena, we cannot help being surprised at the great similarity of the two, the more so when we consider that the great dis-

tance between these two towns, and also the difference of political rule, excluded the possibility of a reciprocal connection of the two statutes.

About this there can be no doubt when we compare the following rules of the Paduan statute with the corresponding ones of the much earlier Siennese statute, which have just been explained.

In one paragraph of the Paduan statute the painters are forbidden to take in, or to engage, foreign artists or assistants in their studios or elsewhere for a longer period than ten days, or they will be fined three pounds (libre) for each following day, except the foreigner becomes matriculated. It was the duty of the officers of the guild, who at Padua had the name of *gastaldiones* or *massarins*, to settle disputes about the works of art. Nobody could be matriculated in this guild who was not a painter or a painter's pupil. The artists who kept a studio by themselves had to pay five pounds (libre), those who knew the art, but did not practise it, had to pay three pounds, and the pupils two pounds, entrance fee to the guild. The sons, grandsons, and nephews of the painters had to pay only twenty soldi. But in the case of foreigners the items of this standard were to be doubled. Whoever wanted to have his name taken off the rolls was allowed to leave the guild at once, but he was forbidden to practise the art of painting any more in Padua or in Paduan territory, or to execute any picture either publicly or privately. And if he was found, after having left the guild, to paint a picture whether for money or with the object of obliging some one, he was to be taken as having acted deceitfully in leaving the guild, and therefore such offender was to be punished according to the laws of the guild, except he could bring forward good and legitimate reasons for his having had his name taken off the rolls.

Sundays and festival days were also to be kept by the members of the painters' guild of Padua. The statute likewise directed them not to allow their assistants or pupils to do work on such days. The fine was to be twenty soldi, and if this sum was not paid within eight days, twice as much was to be exacted. However, the young people who were only studying the art were to be always allowed, on Sundays as well as on festival days, to make such studies and drawings with the silverpoint as pupils were wont to do.

In the Paduan statute there are several other interesting paragraphs with refer-

ence to the education of young artists. To these I shall have to refer when treating on the art education in the studios of the old masters.

It is to be regretted that only a few documents bearing on the subject are at our disposal, but it appears that in these we find ample proof in support of the theory that the strong individual character of the schools of painting at the Renaissance time greatly depended on the peculiar exclusiveness in the organization of the guilds.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

From Temple Bar.

#### THE SIEGE OF SUNDA GUNGE.

##### I.

ON the first of July, 1857, the Indian Mutiny was at its height. For ten days the little British station at Sunda Gunge had been besieged by the insurgent sepoys.

The station was divided into two portions: the lower, consisting of the Indian village; and the upper, part of which, including the magazine and the British residency, was strongly fortified. Within this portion the English residents had retired on the first signal of approaching danger. The rebels fortunately possessed only one small piece of cannon, which had proved quite ineffectual against the walls of the enclosure. Provisions were not scarce; and up to the present moment the garrison had entertained strong hopes of being able to hold out until relief arrived.

Suddenly a new and unexpected danger had arisen.

The buildings enclosed within the fortifications formed an open square. In the middle of the square was the well which supplied the garrison with water. About five o'clock in the afternoon a group of several persons were standing within the shelter of an archway which opened into the square, and gazing with looks of consternation and dismay in the direction of the well.

The cause of their alarm was singular.

The town was situated at the foot of a range of hills; and from one particular point upon the slopes outside the walls the well in the middle of the square was visible. This the sepoys had at length discovered. Their single piece of cannon was at once posted at this point, and brought to bear exactly on the well within the town. The result of this proceeding

is self-evident. If one of the garrison should now venture into the square for the purpose of fetching water, he would run an imminent risk of being blown to atoms by a volley of grape shot.

The group of spectators looked in silence at the well. The same thought occupied the minds of all. There were women in the garrison — delicate English ladies, girls, and children — and within the room set apart for the purpose of a hospital, wounded men were moaning for water. Water, at all costs, *must* be had — even in face of a vigilant enemy and a loaded cannon. But how?

Over a fringe of mango-trees and the roofs of some low bungalows to the right of the square, a knot of dusky figures could be descried at a certain point on the hillside. The dark point marked the spot where the cannon was posted. Even as the spectators looked towards it, the cannon boomed — there came a puff of smoke and a flash of fire — and at the same moment the ground about the mouth of the well was torn up by a fierce hail of shot. The gunners were trying their range; and what is more, it was only too evident that they had found it.

The spectators looked significantly at one another. Four of the group were English soldiers; the rest were natives. Of the latter, two were water-carriers, each of whom carried about his waist a large, hollow belt of skin, capable of containing several gallons of water. The duty of these men was, in ordinary times, one of no particular danger. But now the case was altered. There they stood trembling, their dusky faces turning to a sickly yellow, as they stared at the space of shattered ground which the storm of shot had torn up all round the mouth of the well. The other natives were all Sikhs; and these, with the impassive courage of their race, looked on calmly and betrayed no emotion.

Of the Englishmen, two were private soldiers; the other two were officers — Colonel Dundas, the officer in charge of the garrison, and a young lieutenant, St. George Vane. The colonel was a tall, grey man, grave, stern, and martial. The lieutenant was a young man of not more than five or six and twenty, with blue eyes, fair moustache, and careless, handsome features, much bronzed by exposure to the sun.

The colonel was the first to speak.

"This is an awkward business, Vane," he said. "We might drive these cowards to the well, but they will certainly be

blown to pieces, and we shall get no water. And at night, with this moon, it is as light as day. One could see a mouse stirring."

"True," said Vane, reflecting, "yet—stay! one of us might go out alone, and try to bring in water. If they hit him, as they most likely will, three or four others can be ready to rush out, and may bring him in, and the water as well, before they have time to load again," and he looked inquiringly at the colonel's face, eager to learn what he thought of the proposal.

"The cannon is not the only danger," said the colonel. "They have rifles there as well."

"True," said Vane, "but a rifle at that range would most likely miss—a shower of grape is different."

The colonel hesitated. No commander likes to send brave men on desperate ventures. But he could see no other scheme which would not involve much greater risk of life, with still less prospect of success. And they must reach the well in some way—the necessity was vital. If once their supply of water were cut off their chance was gone. They could not last twelve hours.

Vane had kept his eyes fixed upon the colonel's face.

"Let me try," he said eagerly. "Give me a few men—a score will volunteer—and we will laugh at these black scoundrels yet."

The colonel hesitated—but only for a moment. There was no man in the garrison whom he valued and trusted more than St. George Vane. He knew well the danger of the proposed adventure; and he knew well, also, that Vane, if he were allowed to undertake it, would never rest until his task succeeded, or he himself were killed in the attempt. But in warfare private feelings must give way to the general good. After a moment, the colonel laid his hand on the young man's shoulder, and said briefly, —

"Try!"

## II.

AN hour or two later Vane entered his own room.

It was a large apartment, situated at the back of the walled enclosure, which, on account of its size, had come to be used by the officers as a common-room. Its windows opened on a wide verandah, which extended the whole length of the building, having the windows of other rooms also opening upon it. The largest of these rooms had been set apart for the

use of the ladies of the garrison; and as the verandah was cool, shady, and retired, they were often accustomed to sit there, in preference to breathing the close heat of the room within.

At the moment when Vane entered, two figures were sitting on the verandah, not far from his own window—two girls. One of these was a tall, slight girl, pale and light-haired—not handsome, nor even remarkable, except for her eyes, which were large, grey, serious, and, when at rest, deep rather than bright. Her companion, on the other hand, was a girl of singular beauty; a girl with dark hair, dark eyes, rather full red lips, and skin of soft and flowerlike bloom. The name of the pale girl was Mary Sulland; that of the beautiful one was Lenora Dundas. The latter was the colonel's daughter; Mary Sulland was his ward. Before the mutiny they had lived, together with an old English servant, Mrs. Jessop, in the colonel's bungalow, outside the fortified enclosure.

The characters of these two girls we will leave to reveal themselves as we proceed; only recording the relations in which they stood to St. George Vane, who had known them both since they were children.

Like all men of her acquaintance, Vane admired Lenora greatly and sometimes half believed himself in love with her; and whether he were really so or not, he had been accustomed for years to call himself her worshipper. On the other hand, though he liked Mary Sulland very warmly, and would have done anything in his power to give her pleasure, he never told himself that he was in love with her, nor even thought about it.

Both the girls, on their side, regarded Vane with feelings far different from those of ordinary interest. But it is characteristic of each, that while Lenora never forgot that Vane was a rich man, Mary Sulland never gave the fact a thought, nor would have considered the subject of much interest, if she had.

The two girls were now alone on the verandah, anxious, restless, and uneasy. It is true that at that moment nothing alarming was either to be seen or heard. No noise of war was in the air; scarcely a sound disturbed the evening silence. In the earlier days of the siege there had been continued assaults upon the walls, but these had now been given up as hopeless; and except for the distant humming of the human swarms among the huts and bazaars of the sepoys round the walls, the place was still. But "over all there hung

a cloud of fear;" a sense of impending danger, as of the sword hanging by a single thread; the cruel uncertainty as to what is going to happen, which makes the peculiar horror of a passive siege. In such a situation the ear is always listening; the nerves are ready to start at every sound, and the mind is kept stretched constantly upon the rack.

Vane, on entering the room, had no knowledge that the two girls were at that moment on the verandah, so near to his own window. He had just been round the station, and had got together with some difficulty half-a-dozen men who could be spared from active duty at the watch-posts on the walls; and these, as he had given orders, were now collected about the door of the room, awaiting his arrival. Four were English, two were Sikhs — every man of them, as Vane knew well, to be trusted to the death.

These men he now placed on one side of the table, while he himself stood on the other. Then, in a few words, he explained to them the nature of the service for which they were required; adding, that he only wished for volunteers, and that any man who disliked the duty might retire at once. Not a man stirred, however. The Sikhs saluted gravely; the British soldiers, true to the immemorial custom of their race when called upon to face a special danger, broke into a cheer.

Vane looked round him, and his eyes glistened; but he said simply, —

"The man that goes out first will run by far the greatest risk. Who will undertake that duty?"

There were, as already stated, six men present, besides Vane himself. Six right hands immediately saluted — there were six competitors for the privilege of being the first mark of the sepoy's cannon. Vane smiled.

"We must draw lots, I see," he said.

Opening a shallow drawer in the table, he took out of it a pack of cards.

"Here are seven of us," he continued. "I am going to deal these cards all round. Whichever of us receives a certain card — we will say the knave of spades — will be the man selected."

He cut the pack. The deal began.

A hush fell on the six spectators — the hush of rising interest. Except for the slight fluttering noise made by the falling cards, not a sound was to be heard. Strange, that there is something in *suspense* which affects the mind more strongly than the actual danger. These men had volunteered, without a space of hesitation,

to face the risk of death. Yet not one of them could now look on without a tingling of the blood, as they waited for the card to fall which carried a man's life!

Such was their absorption, that they did not see two faces which came suddenly peeping in upon them through the window of the room.

The two girls on the verandah had been startled by hearing all at once the sound of voices in the room close by them. From their position they could not avoid overhearing every word that passed. They heard the short speech in which Vane announced to the men the danger which threatened the well, and the duty which was expected of them; they heard his appeal for volunteers, and then the cheer which followed. So far they had remained motionless, eagerly drinking in the details of the proposed adventure; but when Vane took out the pack of cards in order to select a man by lot, to listen, without seeing, was impossible — and in a minute the two faces came peeping in at the window, in the manner just described.

From this position they could see clearly every card as it was dealt. The cards fell slowly, one by one, before each man in turn. The deal went round — card by card, as it appeared, the focus of nine pairs of eager eyes. The second deal went round — no knave of spades as yet appeared. The fourth began; would that complete the circuit of the seven? The pack was growing thin, and expectation deepened now with every card. Where was the knave of spades? It *must* come soon! Again the cards went round.

No! Not quite. As the last card of the round fell face upwards on the table, a thrill went through the nerves of the spectators. The two girls at the window shrank back suddenly, as if they had been shot. There was the fatal card at last! The lot had fallen to Vane himself!

The young man laughed lightly, as he threw down the pack.

"That decides it," he said; "I go first. You will meet me at the archway in half an hour from this time; it will then be dusk, and we will give ourselves what chance we can. I shall go out alone; the rest of you will wait under cover of the archway, and will rush out the moment they fire at me. If I fall, two of you must bring me in — Sanderson and King can do it. The other four must try to get a bucketful of water each — there will be time for that, I think, though it will be sharp work. Remember; at the archway, with all ready, in half an hour."

## III.

THE men saluted, and filed out. Vane was left alone. He turned, and was about to seat himself at the table, when to his surprise he saw a figure standing in the window of the room. He looked again — and saw that it was Lenora. What could have brought her there he knew not; the truth he did not guess. Wondering, he took a step or two in her direction, and was about to ask her what she wished, when she came hurriedly forward and stood beside him.

"St. George," she said, "you must not go — you shall not go. Tell me you will not; promise me."

As she spoke, he thought for the first time of the verandah; she knew what he was going to do. He would much rather that she had not known; but he answered simply, "It is my duty, Lenora."

"Duty!" she repeated with impatience. "Oh, yes — but do not go! Send some one else; surely there are plenty of men. Do not go, St. George." She laid her hand upon the young man's arm, and looked up into his eyes.

Great is the power of beauty — though it be the beauty of Delilah. It could not make a man like Vane forgetful of his duty, or shake for more than a moment his natural resolution. But as he looked down at the lovely lips which tempted him he did not turn at once away. And yet her words jarred on him. He felt no surprise; he knew Lenora well; but he would have chosen that the girl to whom he gave his love, though she might part from him in agony of mind, would not have had him shirk his duty in face of danger. Love might be dearer to her than life, but honor should be dearer than either.

He was on the point of speaking, when there appeared at the window of the room another figure. They both looked up, and saw it. It was Mary Sulland. Her face was very pale, and as she came forward a close observer might have seen that she was trembling. But her eyes shone with a strange light, and when she spoke, her voice, though low, was thrilling in its distinctness. Her first words showed that she had not overheard, or had not understood, what had already passed between Lenora and St. George.

"We know where you are going," she said, with shining eyes. "Lenora shall not be alone in bidding you God-speed before you go. I have come to do so too;" and, as she spoke, she looked as a

Spartan maiden may have looked, when she sent her lover forth to death or glory.

At the first sound of her voice, Vane started. Their eyes met, and one might have thought that some reflection of the light in hers had flashed into his own. Without a word he took her hand and pressed it to his lips. Then with the same action of farewell to Lenora he turned away, reached the door of the apartment, and was gone.

The whole scene was over almost in a moment. Yet scenes as brief have often been the turning-point of lives — and so it was to be with these.

## IV.

LENORA, with a half-hysterical laugh, turned to the window, and went out. Mary Sulland was left alone. Suddenly she sank upon a chair, and burst into such a passion of tears as shook her very frame.

It is not in the nature of any woman, however nobly made, however jealous of the honor of the man whom she regards, not to feel, at such a moment, a cruel agony of mind. She was alone. The excitement which had sustained her was already over; and now the hard, plain fact, without disguise, pressed itself remorselessly upon her soul. Her hero had gone forth to almost certain death.

Her hero? — Yes — he *was* her hero. She made no secret of it now, in her own heart. She loved him well. Gladly would she have given her own life for his. But, alas! what could *she* do?

All at once a wild thought struck her. Her cheek flamed; the old light kindled in her eyes. She started to her feet, pale, eager-eyed, and trembling — trembling now with new excitement. She seemed like one possessed by a spirit stronger than her own — by an impulse overmastering and resistless. For a moment or two she stood motionless, her eyes gleaming. Then turning, not to the window, but to the door, she hurried from the room.

She went straight to her own chamber. In a few minutes she came out again. She was now draped in a long, close, grey dressing-gown, which completely covered her own dress. Her tall, slight figure, thus garmented, looked like nothing so much as a grey ghost — and like a ghost, in the failing light of evening she glided out of her chamber, and passed along the passages, and down a flight of stairs.

All at once she stopped. Some noise alarmed her. And now she was *afraid* —



afraid, not of what she was about to do, but of being seen, and thwarted in the execution of her plan. Presently, all being still, she again stole forward. The men were, for the most part, busy at their posts about the fortifications, and the part of the station through which she had to pass was almost deserted. Fortune favored her besides; no eye observed her, as she stole upon her way.

At last, to her infinite relief, she reached her destination. She stood in the archway which led out into the square.

It was still empty. Vane's volunteers had gone in search of the articles required for the adventure, and had not yet arrived. The open court was before her; and there, in the middle of it, was the well.

She knew the archway well — its image had been clear to her mind's eye all along. It was a kind of tunnel, or covered passage, of brickwork, some half-a-dozen yards in length. Near the outer end of the archway there was a buttress, and beyond it a recess or deep niche in the masonry. The niche was close beside the buttress, on the side towards the square.

The grey figure reached the buttress — glided into the recess — and disappeared.

#### V.

FIVE minutes passed — ten minutes. Then the sound of steps was heard, and men entered the archway in a body. Vane was not among them; but immediately afterwards he appeared, together with another officer — the surgeon.

By this time the sun had sunk, and but for the rising moon it would have been quite dark. As it was, the interior of the archway was in gloom; but the open square outside was bathed in light — a light uncertain, shadowy, spectral, yet permitting any object moving in it to be distinctly seen. The woodwork which had supported the windlass of the well had been shattered by the shot, and now stood in ruins; but the chain remained intact, its end twisted round a broken stump, and the bucket hung in safety inside the opening of the well.

No time was lost. Vane spoke a word or two, by way of last directions to the men; then taking a bucket in his hand, so that, if by any chance he escaped the shot, he might do his share in bringing in the water, he turned towards the square. That his chance was very slight, he knew. And as he turned to go forth into the range of the cannon, his face, though resolute, was grave.

He had already taken a step or two in advance, when he suddenly stopped short. What was that? A soft, grey, ghostly figure started out of the wall in front of him, and flitted forth into the open air. Before he had recovered from his amazement, it had already reached the well. For the space of an instant it stood there, motionless; then, as if desiring rather to attract attention than to shun it, it raised both arms above its head and waved them in the moonlight. In a moment — just as Vane, recovering a little, started out of the archway — the cannon thundered; a storm of shot whistled in the air, ploughed up the ground, and rattled among the ruined woodwork of the well.

Vane was still outside its range, and no shot struck him. But the phantom figure — what of it? He looked; and thrilled. What dark thing was that, which now lay motionless beside the mouth of the well? He had not seen the figure fall — but it was down upon the ground.

#### VI.

WHEN the night was past; when the next day shone; when the dial-finger marked the hour a little after noon, the garrison of Sunda Gunge was shaken suddenly by strange excitement. First, there became audible a noise of wild confusion in the encampment of the sepoys round the walls. It grew — it gathered volume; it swelled into a tumult. Guns fired; voices yelled; a sound was heard as of the stampee of innumerable feet. Then, drowning every other sound, arose the loud hurrying of English voices; and this, taken up by those inside the garrison, became in a few minutes a perfect tempest of wild cheering, ringing far and near.

Suddenly — unexpectedly — relief had come. The rebels were flying in all directions; their camp was in the hands of English soldiers. The siege of Sunda Gunge was over.

It is not our purpose to dwell upon the scene that followed. From that tumult of wild joy, of almost fierce excitement, we must turn away, and follow St. George Vane.

As soon as the fact of the relief was certain, he stepped out of the crowd, and made his way, alone and unperceived, along the deserted passages, to a certain room, which lay in the rear of the walled buildings. It was the very room from which the night before a slender, grey-draped figure had stolen softly out.

Just as he reached the door, and was

hesitating at the threshold, Mrs. Jessop, who had been called out by the noise of the cheering, was seen returning in a state of much excitement. Vane accosted her eagerly, but in low tones. "Is she better? Can I see her yet?" he said.

"She is much better; she is dressed and sitting up. But the noise alarmed her. She does not know the cause of it. Will you come in and tell her?"

Vane followed her into the room. In a large chair, next the window, looking very white and weak, with a bandage round her temples, where the shot had grazed and stunned her, sat Mary Sulland. As Vane entered she looked round. He paused, and for some seconds the two regarded each other.

He had not seen her since, the night before, he had carried her, swooning, to her room. He had heard, with infinite relief, that the wound was not serious; and, inquiring hourly at her door throughout the night, he had learned that the swoon was passing off, and that with some hours of rest there would be little to be feared. Yet now, as he stood before her, even the great event which had just happened was less present to his mind than anxiety to satisfy himself, with his own eyes, that she was safe. The shock which he had felt at the moment when he had raised her in his arms, and caught sight of her white face in the moonlight, was with him still. He had felt at that instant a certainty that she was killed.

And indeed she had had a wonderful escape.

Every sportsman who has tried his gun at a sheet of blank paper knows that it will sometimes happen that, while the paper will be spotted thick with pellets, there will sometimes be a space left free of shot — large enough, perhaps, to have let the game escape, however true the aim. It had so happened here. Amidst the storm of shot, only one had grazed her; the rest had whistled past her without harm. But where her slender figure had so narrowly escaped, a man, being of larger bulk, would inevitably have been struck down. Mary Sulland had, in fact, been slightly wounded, where Vane would have been killed.

During the hours of night, while he had wandered up and down outside her door, too restless to seek for sleep, he had thought of all these things. He had thought of the girl who had risked her life for his; he had let his memory go back into the past, and call to mind all that he had owed to Mary Sulland through the

years that he had known her; how all his noblest aspirations, dreams, ambitions, had come from her, or had been fostered and strengthened by her sympathy; and he had wondered how it was that he himself had never realized, till now, what she had been to him. And now, as he stood beside her, as he looked at her again, he wondered more and more.

The look of inquiry on her face recalled him to himself.

"I am forgetting," he said. "I am glad to be the first to bring you the good news. I see you guess it. Yes, relief has come. The siege is over."

She looked at him with eagerness. One thought filled her mind — it forced a passage to her lips.

"Then you will not have to go again for water?"

As the words escaped her, she flushed red. Her action of the night before had hardly been her own — so overmastering had been the impulse which had hurried her away. And now, like a woman, she was troubled by a doubt — what would he think of her? Had she, in thrusting herself between him and danger, forfeited forever his esteem? How could she expect that he would understand?

He did understand, however — at least partly. He saw that she was troubled, and he took the best course possible to set her at her ease. He meant to regard what she had done as a matter which, between themselves, required no explanation. As for others, they knew nothing. Except that she had been slightly hurt by a stray piece of shot, no one, not even the colonel or Lenora, knew the truth. The men who had been at the archway had only the vaguest idea of what had passed. The secret was their own.

"No," he said, smiling, "I shall not have to go again. Nor, what is of much greater consequence, will you, Mary."

She answered with a smile. They understood each other. He was bending over her; she was looking up at him. Mrs. Jessop was not near them, and it was almost as if they were alone. From the distance came a noise of voices cheering, as if they never meant to stop; but in the room itself there was no sound but their own murmured talk.

"As soon as you are well again," he said, "I shall be very angry with you, Mary. I had a chance of getting the Victoria Cross, but now they will let *you* have it, I suppose."

She laughed softly; for his words were music to her. But it was not his words

alone that thrilled her blood. She had won a richer prize than the Victoria Cross; and now she knew it. For in his eyes, as she looked up at them, she saw the flame of love.

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From The Fortnightly Review.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF TROPICAL AFRICA  
UNDER BRITISH AUSPICES.

EVER since the end of the last century the attention of Great Britain has been resolutely given to the opening up of tropical Africa. For a long time our country would seem to have been impelled to this task by blind instincts of commercial expansion, and a great zeal for implanting among savage races her own ideas of religion and philanthropy, rather than by any definite and deliberate plan of extending her direct rule over tropical Africa. Indeed at various times during the present century our government has angrily disavowed any intentions of political aggrandizement in the Dark Continent, and has in a hundred instances blindly refused or contemptuously ignored invitations of negro princes and peoples to extend the sceptre of Britain over their countries. In fact, until quite recently, we owed very little to those who have held the reins of government in Great Britain for the position we occupied as an African power. Whatever has occurred to strengthen our hold on the Dark Continent has been chiefly effected by traders and missionaries, who have continually brought about in an irregular fashion extensions of our empire which the central government viewed with disfavor, and frequently tried to ignore or set aside. With the exception of our original seizure of the Cape, our foundation of the Colony of Natal, and Lord Beaconsfield's annexation of the Transvaal (an act which was annulled by a subsequent government), I can scarcely recall in the past any direct undertaking on the part of our government in Africa which has been followed by a permanent and beneficial extension of British influence. It has always been with the most grudging unwillingness that the British government has been forced by public opinion into any interposition in the affairs of Africa, and after spending money and men's lives in some costly enterprise, its anxiety to withdraw and have done with the whole thing — its desire to close its eyes and push Africa on one side — has been truly pathetic. We were the

first, as a government, to send a surveying expedition to the river Congo, and for many decades our gun-boats policed that river, but as the result of all our work in that region our government cheerfully acquiesced in the partition of the Congo basin between Portugal, France, and Belgium. With many costly expeditions up from the Senegambian coast and up from the Bight of Benin and across the Sahara Desert from Tripoli, the British government alone of all European governments made the Niger basin and Lake Tchad known to the civilized world; and yet we scarcely ever — as a government — attempted to secure these rich regions to the British Empire. Indeed the little we have saved of the Niger we owe rather to the good-natured indifference of the not sufficiently interested European powers at the Berlin Congress, rather than to any active pushing of the British ministry then in power. We conquered Ashanti in a manner that very few European powers could have done, and yet where is our influence in Ashanti now, or rather where was it a year or two ago? The last time I was on the Gold Coast — in 1888 — it seemed as likely as not that the French would have had Ashanti for the asking, or the taking. We conquered Abyssinia by a splendid feat of arms, and yet that fine country has been handed over to Italy who never did the like; while as to the millions of money and brave men's lives which from 1799 to 1890 have been spent by Great Britain on Egypt, and the policy of self-abnegation and disinterestedness which has gone hand in hand with these crusades, the less I say perhaps the better. It were better indeed that I should not dilate on governmental errors in the past with regard to Africa, because I should only be wasting the time and the attention you are giving me in raising futile regrets, and also because of late the British government has — almost for the first time in history — supported, maintained, and extended British influence in Africa in such a thoroughgoing way, that it would be rather ungracious to make querulous complaints over the indifference of other years and other ministries. Indeed it is only the strong and intelligent interest now displayed in African questions by those who guide our destinies that emboldens me to criticise as I have done the dislike to African enterprise which former governments evinced, because I feel that in warmly advocating the extension of British influence over the Dark Continent, I am not

uttering an opinion which is dissonant with the views expressed by her Majesty's present advisers. The result of Lord Salisbury's action with regard to Africa during the past twelve months has been stupendous in its effect on the British Empire. He has secured to us gigantic spheres of influence in West, East, Central, and South-Central Africa wherein our trade and our Anglo-Saxon civilization may freely develop without let or hindrance from other European powers. And this last consideration leads me to an important aspect of the question which I wish to impress on you; and that is that as a general rule — certainly in Africa — the British do not prosper in countries which are under the laws and regulations of other European powers. For instance, it makes a considerable difference to our merchants and missionaries whether the Niger Delta or the Island of Zanzibar, Nyasaland, Egypt, or Garenganze remain under British influence or pass under the control of another European nation; for all the other nations of Europe are our rivals, in some cases our bitter rivals, and very naturally attempt by all the means in their power to thwart, limit, and oust our political influence, our religion, our teaching, and our trade. Do not let us justify their apprehensions by unreasonable and outrageous demands for territory. Let France, Germany, Italy, Portugal, and Belgium obtain their fair share of the Dark Continent as a theatre for colonial or commercial expansion — a share in proportion to the population, power, commerce, and industry of each of these countries; but let us be thankful at the same time our government has recently secured to the British Empire its fair apportionment of Africa, a share not in the least too large if computed by the same rule-of-three sum as that by which the possessions of the other European powers in Africa have been calculated. Seeing how little our enterprises prospered under the unsympathetic administration of new countries by our European rivals — and you can hardly wonder that these administrations were unfriendly when they found all the commerce in British hands and the natives being taught the English language and English ideas by British missionaries — we were right to demand that a considerable portion of the Dark Continent should be reserved to Great Britain and secured from the domination of other powers; but now that we have practically got all or very nearly all that we want, and certainly quite sufficient for

our present appetite and digestion, we must resolutely devote ourselves to the thoroughgoing development of these new territories; our duties are not at an end when we have taken a big paint brush and colored red considerable portions of the map of Africa. Having secured these regions for our unfettered action, it is incumbent upon us to take up our stewardship in real earnest. We must teach the poor savages, of whom we have become the guardians, the blessings of peace, the advantages and profits which accrue from hard work, and in course of time and of many generations raise them up to a condition of perfect civilization. We must explore and exploit the undeveloped riches of these lands, so that we may discover and utilize the many oils, drugs, perfumes, food-stuffs, dyes, fibres, gums, woods, timbers, and other products of African vegetation; so that we may maintain and control our supply of African ivory and yet prevent the extermination of the African elephant; so that we may mine the gold and silver and antimony and copper and diamonds of the African rocks and river valleys, fish up the pearls from its oyster beds, and utilize its scarcely touched deposits of coal and mineral oil; so that we may cover its grassy uplands and well-watered plateaux with teeming herds of cattle, sheep, horses, and asses, and its arid sandy plains with ostriches and camels; and lastly, so that we may make servants, soldiers, cooks, clerks, carpenters, seamen, craftsmen, herdsmen, agriculturists, fellow-workers, fellow-helpers, friends and equals from among the Arab, negroid, and negro races.

There are two ways in which we rule Africa at present. One is by the direct imperial administration of our colonies and protectorates, the other is through the agency of great trading companies whom the queen charters with governing rights. Seeing that perfect impartiality of rule — an impartiality free from the influences of commercial or religious interest — is more likely to be obtained through the administration of officials appointed and employed by the imperial government, it would almost seem better that all our African possessions should be directly administered by the British government in some shape or form; but although I firmly adhere to this as the best theoretical way of controlling our African possessions, it is not always practically possible. A British Parliament which annually grumbles at voting a few thousands a year for British Bechuanaland — a country which

is beginning to pay its way — is hardly likely to find several hundred thousand pounds more for the administration of British East Africa, the Niger Protectorate, or Nyasaland. For this you, the stay-at-home British public, who give your votes at elections, are directly responsible, in that you send to Parliament representatives, the majority of whom are ill-instructed in geography, and callously indifferent to the interests of Greater Britain. These, your representatives, do and have done their utmost, with every government that has been in power for the last half-century, to hinder and hamper the extension and maintenance of the British Empire, and therefore it is that we have to be thankful to private enterprise that the greater part of what is colored British on the map of Africa is kept under some sort of British control; and so it is that but for the energy of Lord Aberdare and Sir George Taubman Goldie, Sir William Mackinnon and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, Mr. James Stephenson and others, the Foreign Office would have found it difficult to maintain our rights to the Niger, to the Zanzibar dominions, to the Central Zambezi, or Nyasaland. The least therefore that we can do to these farsighted, enterprising men in return for carrying out with private resources what the British nation might well have afforded to do with a hundredth part of its annual expenditure, is to give them certain rights and privileges in some shape or other which may indemnify them for their expenditure. This also must be said for the rule of these corporations in Africa, that they are freer from responsibility and control than administrations emanating from the imperial government, and consequently make better and more persevering pioneers than government officials. Still I believe theoretically that the best rule would be that of men trained to government and paid by the State and dissociated from direct monetary interest in the commerce of the country. But while the imperial Parliament continues to view with disfavor any considerable advancement of imperial funds towards the speculative development of Africa, we should be thankful that private enterprise forms chartered companies to make these experiments in empire. And yet, just think what the nation would gain by the expenditure from national funds of, say, £250,000 a year on the development of Africa. How greatly the trade of Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, Sheffield, Leeds, Bradford, Huddersfield, Bristol,

Oldham, Burnley, Coventry, Macclesfield, Cardiff, Swansea, Belfast, Newcastle, Northampton, Reading, and London would be extended by the increased commerce which would result from a more effective opening up of Africa! Think of the growing quantities of cotton goods, blankets, cloth, hardware, pottery, soap, agricultural implements, sewing-machines, gunpowder, boots and shoes, cast-off clothing, needles, knives, scissors, hats, books, guns, boats, steel rails, locomotives, newspapers, tinned provisions, biscuits, prize cattle, coal, pianos, harmoniums, fireworks, and a hundred other manufactured articles, or productions of our soil, or triumphs of our agriculture, which we should export to an ever-widening circle of customers in Africa; and of the larger and larger quantities of gold, silver, copper, ivory, precious stones, corn, wine, oil, gums, drugs, india-rubber, hides, wax, cotton, indigo, coffee, cocoa, ebony, teak, and other African products we should receive in return. Think of the great outlet that Eastern Africa would prove for the teeming population of British India, and South-Central Africa for our overcrowded British Isles. Think of the profitable field Western Africa might become for the commerce of Great Britain and the West Indies, and Egypt — where we already have an annual trade of nearly £13,000,000 in value — as a highway, a health resort, a meeting place for our possessions in Europe and Asia. Great as our Indian Empire is it can only employ a half of the intelligent, well-educated British youth who are anxious to enter government service. Africa, well-developed, can easily find employment for the remainder, and when brought under the same conditions of civilization and comfort as characterize India would prove no more unhealthy or fatal to Europeans than India is at the present time. At the rate at which our empire is increasing — for British rule seems to induce greater prolificness and larger families among its subjects — we should soon be able to furnish a considerable body of volunteers for Africa without cheating Asia or America of their due, and this should tend to diminish the pressure on the employment market at home.

And now, leaving vague generalizations on one side, I want to deal more in detail with the way in which we should develop Africa — of course I mean by this British Africa — because I firmly believe, and experience shows us, that British merchants and missionaries are not able to do



much good in those parts of Africa which are under a foreign flag. Our trade with British West Africa, for instance, amounts to over £5,000,000 in value annually, as compared with only £400,000 which is the amount of the trade we do with the French, German, Belgian, and Portuguese possessions on that side of the continent. Therefore the parts of Africa to the development of which I am referring, mean our colonies in South Africa and on the West African coast, our protectorates of the Niger, the Oil Rivers, British South Central Africa, and Nyasaland, British East Africa and Zanzibar, British Somaliland, and possibly also Egypt. These lands, in the method of their utilization and development by Great Britain, may be divided into two very distinct classes. There are the British possessions in South Africa, in parts of Nyasaland, and possibly the highlands of Equatorial Africa, which are not too densely peopled by indigenous races, and which, by their climate, may be considered suitable for colonization by white men; districts, in short, which may become other and future homes for the British race. Here it is possible to live in health, and here the climate permits of the cultivation of many European products. But in our other African possessions of a more tropical character, such as British West Africa, the central Zambezi, the Upper Nile valley, Zanzibar, Somaliland, and Egypt, the conditions are different. Here, either the unhealthy climate renders permanent European settlement difficult or impossible, or, what is really a more serious obstacle in such countries as Egypt and the Nile basin, the land is already possessed by a populous race, whom there is neither excuse nor facility for ousting, and the only reason we are compelled to meddle with the affairs of countries like these is, not that we want to colonize them, but that they are necessary to our political situation and to our commerce. In other words, if they come under the dominion of another European nation we should be considerably the losers, just as, at the present time, there is scarcely any British trade carried on in French Senegambia, the Gaboon, in Portuguese Angola, or in Mozambique, because the French and Portuguese authorities in those places put on differential duties, and endeavor by every possible means in their power to prevent British traders from carrying on a profitable commerce, or British missionaries from teaching their religion. In North Africa the French desire to get our

commercial treaty with Tunis abrogated, so that they may check the prosperous trade carried on by our fellow-subjects, the Maltese. Therefore, if we allowed France to take Egypt, or if we had permitted the whole of the Niger basin to come under her influence, if we had surrendered Nyasaland to the Portuguese, we might have known what to expect—a gradual extirpation of our missionaries and the chasing away of our trade by a hundred and one actions, legal and illegal, which would have rendered the existence of our merchants and missionaries intolerable. Even in the Congo Free State, where at the time of the Berlin Congress of 1884, optimists thought that, by a number of careful provisions in their treaties, they had secured a kind of international neutral territory, in which everybody might trade or evangelize with the least possible restraints, see how, after all, it will come to the same thing in the end. It will soon be a Belgian colony, and already has power to levy heavy import and export duties; there are tolls here and tolls there, and those numerous restrictions and regulations which seem to be inseparable from the government of all other European nations but our own. Much of this taxation and most of these restrictions are rendered necessary by the increasing development of Belgium's new African possession, because a system of government cannot be carried on without money, nor can a savage country be righteously exploited by white men whose actions are subjected to no control; still, reasonably or unreasonably, British merchants and missionaries are beginning to feel that it is not so easy for them to get on in the Congo Free State as in most parts of British Africa. The fault of this incompatibility of temper lies chiefly with ourselves as a nation. We are so cantankerous and self-willed, so crankily impatient of over-government, that we find it hard to carry on our work under the control of any administration but an Anglo-Saxon one. This being the case, it is now fortunate that we have secured such large tracts of territory, exclusively set apart to British influence in Africa, where we can develop our trade and our civilization after our own fashion, and I would recommend our missionaries and our merchants in the future to devote, as far as possible, all their energies and all their capital exclusively to British Africa. With their restless, pushing ways, and their anxiety and capacity for obtaining an overweening influence among the natives,

they become a nuisance to the French, German, Portuguese, and Belgians, who very naturally wish their own parts of Africa to be developed by their own countrymen.

It is not necessary that I should say much about the development of healthy South Africa, because you are, most of you, already sufficiently acquainted with the conditions that regulate the evolution of our South African colonies, of the gold-mining, diamond-mining, sheep-farming, and ostrich-farming, which form their chief industries. The healthiness of the climate permits thousands and thousands of Britons to go out there and try their fortunes. Here, too, as elsewhere in Africa, nature rapidly points out those who, by their mode of life and constitution, are best fitted to succeed, by rapidly punishing and driving away the unfit. Still the experiment here is made on a grand scale, and as the people at home have quite decided that the South African climate is healthy, very little heed is paid to the deaths which occur among Europeans. But in tropical British Africa, with the development of which I intend especially to deal in this address, we have to be much more cautious with the men we send out there, because, firstly, the climate has an universally bad reputation, and, consequently, every single death that takes place there among Europeans is trumpeted abroad by Reuter's telegrams, or by the reports of special correspondents; and because the conditions of these countries not being considered so suitable for colonization, white men go out there in much smaller numbers and for more definite purposes. As I have said before, I believe that when tropical Africa is made as civilized and as comfortable as India, its average climate will certainly not be considered — and will not be — more unhealthy than that of India, and whether we colonize it or not, in the sense of settling down there and begetting children that will live there after us, or whether we merely spend a proportion of our lives there as planters, missionaries, government officials, or traders, we shall find ourselves more or less taking root in the Dark Continent, as much as our ancestors took root in the West India Islands, or our brothers and sons and cousins to-day are becoming settled in Ceylon or British Guiana. But to attain this end we must really take very much greater pains than we do at present in selecting men for working Africa; and by "we," I mean her Majesty's government, the great

trading corporations, the various missionary societies, and all who act as employers of white men in Africa. There should, indeed, be a special school founded for African employment, just as the Foreign Office has its specially trained service for China, Japan, and Siam, and for the Turkish dominions; just as men in training for the civil service in India also undergo a specified course of teaching. So I should like to see some great African school or university founded where instruction would be given in African languages, in African forestry and natural history, where a thoroughly sober mode of life should be inculcated, where a necessary knowledge of elementary medicine might be acquired, and where aspirants to administrative posts in Africa should be instructed in the proper mode of dealing in firmness and gentleness with uncivilized races.

You who send out men to Africa, and you who are desirous of succeeding there when sent, should remember that Europeans ought not to be younger than twenty-one nor older than thirty when commencing their first term of service in the Dark Continent. As a rule middle-sized, thin men succeed best in maintaining their health and vigor, but a hard and fast rule as to physique cannot be laid down. I hold it as a general principle that short, spare men succeed best, but I have known tall men and fat men who have occasionally done surprisingly well; nevertheless, I think all who have had much experience in Africa will agree with me that the greatest number of deaths and the greatest amount of ill-health have occurred among the bulky and the tall. Sobriety of life is an absolute necessity if you wish to live long and well in Africa. In fact, the safest general rule would be to abandon the consumption of all forms of alcohol whatever from the day that you land on African soil, unless wines, spirits, or beer are actually forced on you by a qualified doctor as a necessary medicine. If you are really ill and are positively ordered to drink some form of alcohol, it should not be drunk until after sundown. Alcohol taken during the daytime in Africa is simply poison to a white man — an insidious poison if you like, and one that often disguises its effects, so that a careless observer might attribute them to other causes — but a deadly poison all the same, and perhaps the more deadly because the punishment it inflicts is not readily recognizable. Unfortunately, especially among the British, alcoholic excess is terribly

prevalent; I mean what may be called excess in Africa, but what in England would be looked upon as the allowance of a temperate, sober man. And that is where so many good men go wrong. They cannot be brought to understand that because they do not drink till they get drunk, and because what they are taking for their daily consumption in Africa is not a drop more than they consumed in England, they are nevertheless exceeding, and piling up in their systems a store of poison which will either result in a terribly sudden death or the shattering of their health. Next to alcoholic excess in danger comes gluttony in feeding. This, especially among teetotallers, is a constant source of malady. They, the teetotallers, seem to imagine that because they abstain from alcohol they may gobble as much food as possible; they generally have an inordinate craving for fat, oily substances and sweet things, in all of which they are prone to indulge to such excess that they are rapidly stricken down with a bad form of bilious fever, and then they turn round and ask what you can expect "from such a beastly climate as this?" "Here am I," they say, "who have not for years taken anything stronger than tea, and yet I am as bad as poor So-and-so, who drinks champagne and gin cocktails daily."

Excesses in immorality are also a source of danger; but I am glad to say not by any means so prevalent among people of our own nationality as among other European settlers in Africa. The average Briton inherits a certain amount of constitutional chastity.

Those who proceed to Africa, besides being young and healthy and temperate, must also be enthusiastic. You need a terrible amount of enthusiasm and zeal to bear up against the depressing influences of the hot climate, and the dreary, uncomfortable life which is the lot of most pioneers. Moreover, those who go to Africa — especially those who are sent — should not have taken up Africa as a *pis-aller*, as a last resource when they have failed elsewhere; but it should be their first love. They should as much prepare and be prepared for a deliberately chosen African career as they would have been for service in India, China, or South America. Hitherto, as a general rule, our failures have gone to Africa — the second-rate people, the naughty people, the dissipated people, the bankrupt people, the people who had to be got rid of, the poor relations who had to be provided for. Fitness for an African career was — until

a very few years ago — scarcely ever inquired into as a preliminary before appointment. Anybody was thought good enough for Africa, because in many cases it did not much matter whether they lived or died. If they lived and pulled through after all, and really did creditable work, they were, as one might say, received back into civilization. When missionaries turned out a thorough and unexpected success in Africa, their parent society scratched its head and said, "Why, really, So-and-So is good enough to send to India," and to India the happy man was translated. In the same way, in bygone days, consuls or colonial officers whom Africa *would not* kill, and who had not turned out so badly after all, were graciously picked out of this Slough of Despond and passed on to more favored portions of the globe. To volunteer for Africa was a desperate man's last hope. When you were over age and could not possibly get into the army in any other way, you entered it by means of the West India Regiment, which served on the West Coast of Africa. Now it is quite time that all this system — or want of system — was changed. As continents go, Africa is quite as good as Asia or South America. The climate is not a bit worse than it is in the tropical portions of those continents. Indeed, I should say the danger to health is not quite so great, because there is no infectious yellow fever and no cholera. The most frequent cause of illness that I know of lies in the hideous, monotonous discomfort which characterizes the life we at present lead in the Dark Continent; but this is solely owing to a want of civilization which could be soon remedied. I mean, we ought to have decently comfortable houses to live in, pianos and piano-tuners, ice-making machines, good cooks, milch cows, an improved breed of fowls, better beef, plenty of European vegetables, lending libraries, more comfortable passenger steamers, railways, and electric light. Why, even in Cape Town the hansom cabs are of the style of slovenly discomfort of those which were in vogue in Great Britain in the '40's or '50's — possibly they are even the same individual cabs which, when they were thought unfit for further use in London, were shipped off to Africa. Why should not the cabs of Africa be as comfortable as the cabs of Melbourne and Bombay? Why should the soda-water made at Zanzibar be distinctly inferior to the soda-water in vogue throughout British India?

I have shown that Africa, in point of climate, is not worse than the other tropical continents; let us see now whether she has been less favored by nature in other ways. North Africa—the Mediterranean littoral with its countries of Morocco, Algeria, Tripoli, and Egypt—is quite as good in climate, soil, and productiveness as southern Europe. That is a fact which no one who knows anything about it would dispute, and therefore I will pass from it without further comment. South of this favored region we have the great Sahara Desert, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Red Sea. Although this wilderness has become a byword for awful sterility and lifelessness, it is, as a matter of fact, endowed with a singularly abundant water supply—underground. The address recently delivered at the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Sir Lambert Playfair, her Majesty's consul-general in Algeria, puts before us very graphically what miraculous results have been brought about in the French Sahara by artesian wells, how unfailingly these have tapped an abundant water supply, and how, in some instances, one well alone threw into the air a column of water equal to thirteen hundred cubic metres daily, which is a quantity sufficient to redeem eighteen hundred acres from sterility, and to irrigate sixty thousand palm-trees. I believe in this way the desert will soon be brought to blossom as the rose, and its cultivability, conjoined with its healthy climate—for it must be remembered that the Sahara has the climate of Egypt, where our invalids go to regain health—will cause the much despised Sahara Desert to become some day a very valuable possession to those European powers who have the steady courage to develop its resources. But south of the Sahara Desert, south of about 12° north latitude down to the southern extremity of Africa, with the exception of a few arid patches in the Kalahari district and in Betshuanaland, the rain supply is more abundant and more regular than in Asia or in South America, and far more so than in Australia. Indeed, in some parts, such as the great equatorial forest, we positively need to thin the trees in order to produce a drier atmosphere and diminish the rain supply, which at present falls during eleven months out of twelve. In this two-thirds of Africa, south of the Sahara Desert, there is, I believe, a larger proportion of fertile, cultivable soil than in India, Australia, or South Amer-

ica. The fauna—especially in mammals—is more varied, and offers more useful and remarkable animals than that of either Asia or America. Among its domestic beasts and birds we find that cattle are able to thrive in a very large proportion of the continent, that sheep flourish wherever they have been tried, and that goats exist everywhere, scarcely any tribe being without them. Horses have now got acclimatized in South Africa, and immense numbers of them are bred in the Niger basin, North Central Africa, Abyssinia, and Somaliland, while the domestic ass is equally abundant in North-East Africa. Pigs thrive in the Dark Continent, as they seem to do everywhere; but European dogs, as a rule, rapidly degenerate. The Muscovy duck and the domestic fowl seem thoroughly suited to an African life, and turkeys, also, succeed very well. In fact, with the exception of a few districts in which horses and cattle are subject to the attack of the tsetse fly, or various maladies resulting from poisonous grasses, Africa as a whole may be said to be exceptionally well adapted for the maintenance of live-stock. It must also be remembered that even the local conditions to which I have referred, such as the prevalence of fly or unwholesome herbage, do not offer permanent obstacles to the keeping of cattle or horses, inasmuch as in time either the fly disappears with the retreating wild animals and the poisonous herbage is got rid of, or the cattle and horses become inured to the attacks of the tsetse and the unwholesome qualities of the grass. They are then what is termed “salted,” and their descendants become less and less affected by those poisons which have caused the death of so many of their progenitors; and no doubt they will eventually become as thoroughly adapted to their surroundings as are their close relations, the zebra and the buffalo, who are indifferent to the bite of the tsetse fly, and either know how to avoid the poisonous grass, or else are able to eat it with impunity.

Among the wild animals indigenous to Africa which are profitable to commerce may be cited the elephant first of all. From the African elephant, indeed, the world's supply of ivory is almost exclusively drawn. The Ceylon elephant has no tusks at all, and the elephant of India and the Malay Archipelago, for what reason I cannot say, furnishes but little ivory to the market; so little, in fact, that the Chinese, Japanese, and Indians have to import ivory from Africa for the hundred and one

graceful artistic objects which they manufacture. Next perhaps to gold and diamonds, ivory is the most valuable and profitable African product. As a rule, people are given to talking of it in a disparaging way, as a vanishing quantity, and not a source of wealth to be permanently calculated on. If proper steps were taken towards a judicious preservation of the elephant—especially the females—and its slaughter were to a certain extent controlled and organized, there is no reason why this magnificent beast should become extinct any more than has the Indian elephant. The Indian elephant does not breed in captivity, or, at least, a case only occurs once in fifty years. Practically you may say that every elephant you see in the East has been caught in a wild state when young. In India the elephants are utilized as beasts of burden. In Africa possibly the same might be done, but in addition a certain number of the males might be killed annually for their ivory. Britain has secured, fortunately, a good share of the finest elephant country in Africa. In British South Central Africa, that is to say, all Nyasaland and the country to the north of the Upper Zambezi, the elephant is at present extraordinarily abundant. The same is the case, to perhaps an even greater extent, in British East Africa—Masailand—whence comes the best ivory in the world. Then, again, we possess much of the country south of the Beue and at the back of the Oil Rivers, and before long we shall have the Egyptian Soudan. In all these countries elephants are still found in vast herds in spite of the reckless war waged against them by the natives. To have saved and domesticated this magnificent beast would be one of the proudest glories that could be attached to England's name. Why should we not, also, take in hand some of the other fine beasts which Africa has produced? Why should we not domesticate the zebra and the eland, that large, handsome, ox-like antelope? Our domestic ass is simply a very slightly altered descendant of the wild ass which is found in Abyssinia and the Galla countries. The zebra is only another form of the wild ass found farther south. Why should it be more difficult to tame and utilize than its congener in Abyssinia? There are most interesting problems of this kind to be worked out, on which hitherto scarcely any one has tried his hand. In Asia man has tamed and utilized the elephant, the buffalo, the fowl, the wild ass, the pig, the goat, the sheep, the dog, and

the camel. In Africa why should not we do the same with the African species of elephant, the African buffalo, the zebra, the larger antelopes, the wart-hog, and the river-hog? I remember, by-the-by, seeing in a trader's farmyard at Brass, in the Oil Rivers, tame river-hogs running about with his domestic pigs, just as if for all the world they had undergone long generations of domestication. Why should we not make as much out of the several species of guinea-fowl which range over nearly all Africa, and the many handsome African cranes and bustards, as we have out of the domestic fowl and turkey, and as we have lately done with the ostrich in South Africa? Some fifty years ago it seems to me, that the notion of domesticating the ostrich would have been deemed as ludicrously impossible as the experiments I now propose with the elephant and the zebra; and yet ostrich-farming in South Africa has not only introduced a new and important source of wealth to that colony, but will probably result in the saving from extermination of the most remarkable form of bird now living on the earth. In the progress of the world it would be a cruel pity that man should heedlessly stamp out the more beautiful or remarkable forms of life which at present co-exist with him on this planet. We should take steps to prevent the extermination of the lion and the tiger, the rhinoceros and the kangaroo, just as much as we do the red deer, the European bison, or the elk. If they are not useful, they are either as beautiful or as picturesque as they are remarkable, and are as necessary to the interest and "color" of our lives as are the parks and open spaces which every growing town endeavors to preserve as islets of beauty in the midst of its utilitarian maze of bricks and mortar.

And now let us see what other sources of wealth Africa possesses in vegetables and minerals. In her flora she is singularly rich in plants and trees providing useful products, even in the comparatively sterile Sahara Desert, from which seemingly hopeless region comes some of the most valuable gum in the world. Let us briefly enumerate and take into consideration some of the articles of commerce derived from African trees, shrubs, and herbs. The most valuable of all are the various kinds of rubber which are made from the sap of two species of *Landolphia*—a pretty, trailing creeper found almost all over tropical Africa in one kind or another; also from a species of *Euphorbia*, and from a big tree allied to the *Ficus*



*indica*, which is one of the chief sources of rubber supply in Asia. African rubber, according to its kind and according to the better or worse manner in which it has been prepared for the market, is worth from £110 to £270 a ton. Next in value comes indigo, the well-known dye, which is derived from the leaves and flowers of a kind of bean. Indigo, like coffee, and possibly cotton, was originally indigenous to Africa. It is at present cultivated to a very slight extent in the Dark Continent, but grows wild over nearly all the tropical portion. Good indigo, such as comes from the Niger, is worth about £224 a ton. Next in importance may be cited the gums, which vary in price in the English market from £15 to £100 a ton. The principal kinds exported from Africa are gum arabic, gum tragacanth, and gum elemi, which are derived from various species of acacia, and chiefly from desert countries in or bordering on the Sahara; incense gum, which I believe is derived from a species of *Copaifera*, a tree which is found pretty well all over tropical Africa; and gum copal produced by one or two kinds of *Trachylobium*, which is also a widely distributed tree, and is found right across Africa from Sierra Leone to Zanzibar. The more valuable copal, however, is obtained in a fossil state, especially in East Africa. I believe this form fetches a higher price than that which is derived fresh from the living tree. Then there is cotton, the cultivation of which in Egypt is one of the chief sources of wealth. The cotton plant grows wild over almost all tropical Africa, but is chiefly grown by man in Egypt, the Niger countries, in Nyasaland, and in the Zambesian valley; also in the Portuguese possessions of West Africa. The cultivation of cotton in Africa might be enormously extended, as, to judge by the appearance of the wild plant, the soil is nearly everywhere suitable. Good African cotton is, I believe, worth about £54 a ton. Another valuable article of commerce is the seed of a species of *Amomum* — the “grains of Paradise,” as they are often called — which are largely used in making spices and condiments. The species of *Amomum* which produces these seeds — seeds which are at present worth £40 a ton — grows all over tropical Africa. It has a beautiful pale mauve blossom, somewhat like the flower of a gladiolus in appearance, which grows on a very short stalk quite close to the ground, and independently of the leaf-shoots. Some time after the flower has faded away, in its stead you

find a brilliant crimson pod with a number of black seeds inside surrounded by a sweetish pulp. The seed-pods in the *Amomum* are the favorite food of the gorilla and the chimpanzee. It is very curious to reflect that it was these “grains of Paradise” — sometimes called the Malaguetta pepper, the seeds of this *Amomum*, in fact — which first attracted our forefathers to Western Africa. They did not go there, as might be imagined, for slaves or for gold, in the first instance. They followed in the wake of the Portuguese in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries to obtain these *Amomum* seeds from the West Coast of Africa. Why our ancestors in the Elizabethan period were so fond of spice in their food as to create a whole trade for its supply, and thus lay the foundations of a British African Empire, I cannot think. The same craving gave rise to the many quadrangular quarrels between English, Dutch, Spaniards, and Portuguese for the Spice Islands of the Eastern seas. Up to the present day a certain portion of the West African coast from Sierra Leone to the eastern boundaries of Liberia, is called the “Grain Coast” after these “grains of Paradise,” which proved such a bait to the earlier navigators, Portuguese, English, and Dutch, Normans, Danes, and Brandenburgers, as to draw them through the stormy seas of the North Atlantic to the unhealthy Guinea coast, where they afterwards learned to trade for slaves and gold, and subsequently for palm oil.

This latter product — palm oil — has played such an important part in the development of Western Africa, especially of the Niger delta, of Lagos, and of the Cameroons, that I may perhaps not be wearying you if I dilate somewhat on its nature and the method of its production. The tree which produces it is the *Elais Guineensis*, one of the handsomest species of palm in the world. Although the oil-palm of a somewhat poorer variety is found on the island of Pemba, near Zanzibar, and in one or two other parts of East Africa and Nyasaland, still it may be generally said that as a species it is practically confined to Western Equatorial Africa. It is met with all over the Congo basin and Lower Niger, and on a narrow fringe of coast from Senegambia to Benguela. But it is found in the most marked abundance in the district between Lagos and the Cameroons, and that is why the innumerable rivers and creeks which canalize this region are called the Oil Rivers — in fact the oil-palm has been the saviour of this

part of West Africa. It offered in the past when the slave trade ceased and other sources of wealth were unknown, the only inducement to Europeans to settle and trade in these unhealthy swamps. So profitable, in fact, was the palm-oil trade at one time that by the money and men it poured into the Oil Rivers it positively succeeded in improving the health of the country. That is to say, it was the cause of better men being sent out, better houses being built, better doctors being maintained to look after the traders' health, a better service of mail steamers being established; and in short has been as much the cause of the transformation of a hideously uncomfortable, vilely unhealthy swamp into a prosperous, pleasing, thriving, not very unhealthy British possession, as the French artesian wells have been the cause of turning the sandy wastes of the Sahara into valuable forests of date-palms.

This palm oil, which still forms the staple of West African trade, is made from the outer cover or husk of the nut of the *Elais Guineensis*. The natives of the interior, who are the main producers, climb up the smooth palm stem and cut down the great branch of orange-colored nuts when they are ripe. The nuts are pulled off the spiky raceme and handed over to the women, who pare off their oleaginous husks into a clay or iron pot half filled with water. This is heated over a fire until almost all the oil from the fibrous husks rises to the surface of the boiling water. The oil is skimmed off repeatedly and boiled once or twice again. When cold it often becomes thick and butter-like, and is of a rich red golden color. Some varieties of oil, however, always remain transparent and liquid, but I believe the semi-solid kind is thought the best. The native women of the interior collect this oil in little earthenware pots, after preparing it in the way described, and bring it to some local market where they meet the middlemen of the coast—the native traders of Benin, Brass, Bonny, Opobo, or Old Calabar. These men bring up in their canoes casks, which they have obtained from the white men, and into these casks is poured the oil brought down by the interior natives in their small measures. The middlemen purchase the oil very cheaply with European goods. There is generally one, and there are sometimes two seasons in the year, during which the middlemen proceed into the interior to buy up the oil—seasons which are dependent on the depth

of the rivers and creeks as increased or diminished by the state of the rainfall. The white trader, therefore, receives the oil in relatively large quantities at the hands of the middlemen, that is to say in the casks which he has himself supplied. As the middleman is much given to adulteration, the oil is carefully boiled and tested by the white trader before it is purchased, and as you sit chatting with a trading agent on his cool verandah, it is a common sight to see the burly-headed Krumen enter, touching an imaginary forelock with respect, and holding in his hand a shining copper pan with a long handle, in which lies a sample of golden liquid oil. The trader, with an apology for interrupting the conversation, scans this critically, and, by dint of long experience, decides as to its quality and the price to be paid for it. The cask, as landed by the native trader, is generally sampled by means of a long scoop, in shape somewhat like a razor-strop, which is thrust down through the bung of the cask from end to end, and brings up a complete section of the oil through the whole diameter of the cask's contents, thus showing whether or not it is good all through. The native trader is usually paid for his oil or other produce by a cheque, or "book" as it is locally called, a note of credit, so to speak, for the amount. This he can present for payment whenever he pleases. The payment is generally reckoned by "piece"—meaning a piece of cloth—which is equivalent to 5s. in value, and when the native trader comes to present his "book," he receives its value in goods of whatever kind he chooses to select from the store. Money transactions at present scarcely exist in the Oil Rivers, although they are just beginning to come into vogue with regard to the payment of native servants.

After the oil-producing husk has been stripped off the palm nut, the shell is cracked and the kernel taken out. This is the well-known "palm kernel," which is second in importance to palm oil in the West African trade. These kernels are brought down in tubs, and the white merchant purchases them at a cheaper rate per weight than the palm oil. They are usually sent to England to have their valuable oil expressed. Even after the palm nut has yielded up its oily husk and kernel, the refuse that remains—the fibrous shell—is still of value, for it can be either converted into a very profitable form of fuel for steamers, or into manure for gardens, or even food for cattle.

From the oil-palm are also procurable other products. The sap obtained from the upper part of the tree makes a sweet fermented drink known as "palm wine," which is not, however, a very wholesome beverage for Europeans, but it is useful to them as providing a yeast or leaven for making bread. The "heart" of the palm-tree, namely, the undeveloped fronds, provides a wholesome and appetizing vegetable, known as "palm-cabbage."

Formerly the value of palm oil in England reached a price of between £40 and £50 a ton; but, I believe, after many fluctuations, its present value per ton ranges between £20 and £25, according to the quality, which varies in the different districts that produce it. I believe the best palm oil comes from Lagos and Opobo, the worst from the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone.

Other valuable African oils are produced from castor-oil seeds, which are worth £10 a ton; ground nuts, which are worth from £15 to £17 a ton; and the celebrated Shia "butter," a thick, oily substance obtained from the seeds of a tall, handsome tree, first brought to our knowledge by the celebrated traveller, Mungo Park, and after whom it has been named *Butyrospermum Parkii*.

Among other valuable vegetable products I might mention, at the risk of wearying you, the seeds of *Moringa pterygosperma* and of *Bixa orellana* (which are worth £23 a ton); red peppers, which are worth from £15 to £20 a ton; seeds of the *Lophira alata*, worth £7 a ton, and of the *Phytalephas macrocarpa*, or vegetable ivory, which are worth £10 a ton. Then there are the leaves and twigs of the *Artemisia judaica*, worth £20 a ton; the bark and roots of the Turmeric, a valuable dye, which are worth £10 a ton; the bark of the *Pterocarpus erinaceus* or "kino," which is very useful for tanning, and is worth £25 a ton; the bark also of the *Cassia fistula*, worth £11 a ton; Baobab fibre, from the great gouty *Adansonia* tree, and the flour of the cassava or manioc, both of which are worth £8 a ton; and lastly, various valuable dye-woods and timber, such as "camwood" (*Baphia nitida*) and ebony (from the *Diospyros* tree); the African teak, and the durable mangrove wood, which resists the attacks of white ants.

Nor is Africa bare in minerals from the little we know of her rocks. Gold appears to run right up the continent from South Africa across the Zambezi, through Nyasaland, past Tanganyika and the Albert

Nyanza, right up to Darfur in the Soudan; and from Darfur another gold belt would appear to run diagonally westwards across the Niger basin, and at the back of our West African colonies. Silver has as yet only been found and worked near the river Benue, in West Central Africa, where it is met with in conjunction with antimony. Antimony reappears in other parts of Africa, so it is possible that silver may also be found elsewhere. Africa is singularly rich in copper and iron. As far as we yet know the chief sources of copper supply are in South and South-West Africa, in South-Central Africa between the basins of the Congo and the Zambezi, in Nyasaland, in the country west of Tanganyika, and in many other parts of the Congo basin, at the back of the Cameroons, in the Niger basin, and in Darfur. Iron is simply everywhere, and the indigenous savages seemed to have passed directly from the age of wooden implements into the full use of iron. Coal is known to exist on the west coast of Lake Nyasa, at many places in the valley of the Zambezi River, in Natal, and in the Transvaal, and in some parts of the Tanganyika coast. Sir John Kirk has told me that when engaged with Livingstone in exploring the Zambezi countries, he has frequently burnt on his steamers the coal which he obtained from the deposits near Tete, and has found it excellent steam-making fuel. The use of Natal coal is rapidly spreading in South Africa. The diamond mines of South Africa are so well known that I need not allude to them further. Diamonds have not as yet been discovered in other parts of Africa; but the existence of other precious stones, such as topazes and opals, is reported from various districts. When we think how very little the soil of the greater part of Africa has been examined by experts, and how the small portion already searched has produced such valuable results, we may be led to hope there are greater treasures still in store to reward a more thorough investigation.

In the natives of Africa I believe we possess sturdy workers and efficient allies in the opening up of this neglected continent, provided they are treated and utilized in a proper manner. Our method of dealing with them is rather too intricate a question to be disposed of in a few hasty words, and is quite sufficiently important to be dealt with in a separate address, if I had time to deliver it and you had the patience to listen to it. I will, however, venture to conclude this paper with a few

remarks about the native Africans and our relations with them, which may help to elucidate this important problem.

The population of Africa is distributed in a most irregular manner; that is to say, there are some districts which are densely peopled, and again there are even territories almost without a human being. Fortunately for our ideas of colonization, some of the most sparsely populated portions of Africa have — for Europeans — the most healthy climate. I am referring, for instance, to large portions of the Sahara Desert, which with artesian wells and irrigation will become as inhabitable and healthy as Egypt; to the nearly equally arid steppes of Betsuanaland, and much of Africa south of the Zambezi; to those grand, well-watered plateaux between Nyasa and Tanganyika, where the depopulation seems to have arisen rather from incessant civil war and slave-raiding than any other cause; and to the snow-crested highlands of eastern equatorial Africa. In certain districts, such as the banks of the Lower Niger, the British West African Colonies, Egypt, Natal, the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and parts of the Congo basin, the native population is nearly as dense as it is in India; but with these exceptions I should say that the average population of those parts of Africa at present uninhabited by Europeans, is in a much lesser ratio to the square mile than in tropical Asia. Still, in all those portions of Africa where there is a fairly abundant native population, the climatic conditions render it unlikely that Europeans will choose them for a very long time to come, as territories to be actually colonized by white men; but what we want to do in districts like these is to maintain peace, encourage trade, and generally raise the natives to a condition of civilization.

The native Africans with whom we have to deal in our various colonies, protectorates, and spheres of influence in that continent, may be divided into three sections: the Arabs or people of Semitic race, who are the descendants of the Arab invaders of Africa who settled in the eastern, northern, and north-central portions of that continent at various times, from the beginning of the Christian era to the present day; the negroid races, such as the Gallas, the Somalis, the Nubians, and the Fulas or Fulbe, who may be said to form a kind of half-way type between the Semite and the black man; and, lastly, the great negro race itself, which inhabits all Africa south of the Sahara Desert, and

which although it offers the apparently diverse forms of the stunted, yellow Bushman, the black-faced, obese Hottentot, the tall, statuesque Zulu, the handsome, chocolate-skinned peoples of the Cameroons or the Congo, the hook-nosed, haughty-looking Hausa or Mandingo, or the wide-nostrilled, blubber-lipped native of the Oil Rivers, the tiny dwarfs of the Congo forests, or the giant Bari or Masai of the Nile valley and Eastern Africa, is still, with its peculiar curly hair and other special characteristics, one of the most clearly marked divisions of the human race.

With the Arabs we have or shall have to deal in the Nile valley, in Bornu, Wadai, Darfur, at Zanzibar, and on the Zanzibar coast, on the Lakes Victoria, Nyanza, Tanganyika, and Nyasa. We come in contact with the negroids in our Niger dominions, in the Nile valley, in Somaliland, and in the Galla country. The negroes, on the other hand, meet us everywhere, in all our African possessions, either as the serfs, slaves, or soldiery of the Arabs or the negroids, or as themselves the sole indigenous occupants of the soil.

Of all the problems we have to face in our intermeddling with the affairs of Africa, that of our relations with the Arabs seems in many ways the most important. They have at present ousted us from the Egyptian Soudan, and but a little while ago they threatened to expel the British from the shores of Lake Nyasa. On the other hand, they have long been the upholders of British influence at Zanzibar, and have materially assisted by their good-will the firm establishment of the British East African Company in Eastern Equatorial Africa. How are we to view the Arabs? Are we to look upon them as enemies everywhere to be extirpated, and to be as ruthlessly expelled from Africa as were the Moors from Spain? Or are we to regard them in the light of possible friends and allies, and as a people not lacking in good qualities who may yet play a useful part in the development of Africa? I think the latter is the more sensible conclusion to arrive at, and one more consistent with a practical acceptance of things as they are. It must not be concluded that I find no fault with the conduct of these Arabs in Central Africa; on the contrary, I disapprove of much that they do. I would rather they had never gone there at all, because we should find the unsophisticated natives easier to trade with and to govern, if we were with-

out the keen commercial rivalry of the Arabs, and the sturdy, independent, warlike spirit which they are apt to infuse into their native allies. But what we have to remember is that the Arabs *are* in Central Africa, both as wandering merchants and as settlers, rulers, and colonists, and we have got to deal with them as they are, and not as we would wish them to be. From what I know of them, I believe that by a little tact and patience — they having good qualities in them — we may skilfully make use of them, and turn their dispositions to good account. I think the Arab as colonist and soldier may turn out a very useful ally. As to his Mohammedan propaganda, it hardly exists. Livingstone found that out long ago. The white and the black Arabs are generally very strict in their own religious duties, but make little attempt to spread Mohammedan tenets among their negro followers. The utmost they do is to teach them a few pious exclamations, and to kill animals for food by cutting their throats, to perform certain ablutions, to adopt circumcision, and to abjure the use of the numerous alcoholic beverages which the negro knows so well how to manufacture from the grain, and roots, and palm sap of his native country. If you wish to suppress the slave trade, give them something better to do; that is to say, find other employment for them — open out prospects of other and legitimate commerce, and they will be by no means loth to give up purchasing the people whom the negro chiefs are so anxious to sell. Moreover the real way to combat the slave trade — to extirpate its cause — is not to quarrel with the Arabs if you can help it, but to get the Arabs to join you, which they are not unwilling to do, in subduing and taming irrational, bloodthirsty wild beasts like the Angoni Zulus, the Wa-wemba, the Wa-rugaruga, the Masai, and all the hundred and one races of negro robbers who, as soon as they obtain a little prosperity and power, rise up, harry, and destroy their fellow negroes.

The scheme proposed by some enthusiasts of starting crusades and expelling the Arabs from Central Africa is about as easy of accomplishment as that of driving the Turks from Europe and Palestine. It might be done, but it would be quite as costly in money and lives, and perhaps as futile to British interests, as the last-named project.

With regard to the negroids of Africa, such as the Fulbe of the Niger, the Nubians, the Somalis, and the Gallas, we shall

find them a gradually disappearing factor in the evolution of the Dark Continent. They will no doubt be absorbed into the Arab ranks on the one hand, or identified with their numerically superior negro neighbors and followers on the other. As far as our present relations with them are concerned, we find them easier to deal with than the Arabs for the reason of their lesser bravery and determination, but in other ways more disagreeable subjects to tackle, because of their greater barbarism and more ruthless savagery where their own dealings with the negroes are concerned; still they do not seem to have much future before them and, as I said before, will eventually be absorbed either by the Arabs, from whom they accept their religion and such civilization as they possess, or by the negroes, with whom they constantly and freely intermarry. And so we are left with this last problem to consider — our relations with the negro race.

By their own unaided efforts I doubt whether the negroes would ever advance much above the status of savagery in which they still exist in those parts of Africa where neither European nor Arab civilization has as yet reached them. There they are still to be found leading a life which, in its essential features of culture and social organization, is scarcely altered from what it was four thousand years ago, when the black men and their simple arts and savage surroundings were truthfully limned in Egyptian frescoes. The negro seems to require the intervention of some superior race before he can be roused to any definite advance from the low stage of human development in which he has contentedly remained for many thousand years. But, when once he does come in contact with civilization, he accepts it with extraordinary readiness, and surpasses all other low-grade varieties of man in the facility with which in one generation, in the one individual, he can skip two or three thousand years, and transform himself from a naked, brutish savage into an excellent short-hand clerk, a telegraph operator, a skilled photographer, a steamer-engineer, a first-class cook, or an irreproachable butler. The black race has, of course, like the other sections of humanity, many faults and shortcomings. It is, as a rule, strongly averse to continuous, regularized hard work, and its average disposition is passionate, noisy, vain, and quarrelsome. But with all his defects the negro is more likeable, more akin to us of the white race in disposition,



and far less alien to our civilization than is the cold, inscrutable, reptilian Chinese. In the course of two or three centuries I believe the negroes of British Africa will only differ from their white fellow-subjects in the color of their skins. But for some time to come the forefathers of these completely civilized men of color will require to submit themselves to our guidance and control. They must be persuaded and, if necessary, compelled to abandon their incessant intertribal wars, which keep half of Africa in a fluctuating state of devastation; they must be weaned from slave-making and slave-dealing, from cannibalism, from bush-fires which destroy so much valuable forest, from head-hunting, witch-burning, and human sacrifices. And in teaching them these lessons, let us endeavor to approach them in a kindly, friendly way, urging them to reforms rather by appeals to their innate good sense, to their self-interest, and to their naïve desire to be "all same white man," than by bullying threats of bombardments, burnings, and hangings. Above all, let us avoid irritating the more astute of the black or yellow natives by the assumption in our preachings to them of a lofty tone of impeccability where our own past actions are concerned. We should do well to remember that the worst of Dahomey's slaughterings of human victims is scarcely equal to one day's guillotining during the height of the French Revolution, from which the latest Dahomean hecatomb is less than one hundred years removed; that if the other day a witch was burned to death on the shores of Lake Nyasa within sight of a Universities' Mission station, the same practice was religiously carried out by our forefathers in England and America two centuries ago; and that few modern African monarchs contrive to hang, draw, quarter, flay, behead, and burn so many of their subjects as did our eighth Henry, our "bloody" Mary, and our good Queen Bess, while no African priesthood yet discovered has been known to be guilty of one tithe of the damnable iniquities perpetrated by the hellish Holy Inquisition of Spain, Portugal, and Naples. We are really not so many centuries ahead of the negroes that we can afford to be arrogant. Still we can give them the benefit of our own inherited improvements, experiences, and experiments in religion, morality, political economy, party government, and brotherly love, and in introducing some security for life, liberty, and property as the first of our elementary reforms, we shall place

before the much-harassed inhabitants of Africa the same clear hope of permanent civilization which our rule has caused to grow up in India.

For those of us who believe in the duty of helping our poor relations, who feel that it is incumbent on the rich and intelligent, the civilized and comfortably off among the peoples of the world, to extend a helping hand to raise their backward or retrograde fellow-humans from a lower, wretcheder kind of life to a level approaching nearer to the present high-tide of humanity, it will be seen at once that a great work lies before the British nation in Africa; and to those who devote more interest to political considerations it must appear evident that this task of moulding an African empire should assist in keeping up our energy as a great imperial power, should stimulate all our arts and manufactures, and should bring us the same increase of wisdom, knowledge, power, and wealth which have accrued to us from our splendid dominions in Asia.

H. H. JOHNSTON.

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From Longman's Magazine.

#### UNDER A COLONNADE.

It was a day early in March. The dull, grey sky and bitter east wind gave no fore-taste of spring. Here in London, round every corner swept the pitiless icy blast. Beggars and crossing-sweepers gathered their rags more closely about them, while rich men, clad in heavy overcoats, cursed the climate and sought shelter in the well-warmed rooms of their clubs. Only those constrained by duty or poverty were abroad in the streets on such a day as this. Amongst this number were the sandwich-men, who paraded the streets with their customary slow and spiritless demeanor, with hang-dog looks and shuffling feet. One after the other the procession of these silent, depressed figures passed up or down the busiest thoroughfares. So many hours to keep going, so many weary steps to pace, for the munificent pay of eighteenpence a day. Day after day to carry about the tale of other people's pleasures, with their own woe and degradation eating like iron into their souls.

Truly, they earned enough to keep body and soul together; but in many of these cases it were better for the end to come quickly — better, ay, that they had never been born. Under the colonnade in Carl-

ton Street, a short-cut from Regent Street to the Haymarket, is a favorite resort of sandwich-men for the midday rest. In this unfrequented little street they gather together silently, and for a short space the oppressive boards are laid aside, and they sit or stand in comparative ease.

To-day many of them have found a warmer shelter within doors, but two, more wretched and ragged than the rest, are seated on the kerbstone.

They have removed their posters, which incline against the pillars. One placard is the advertising medium of a cheap restaurant, and upon it is printed in large and attractive capitals, "Do you want a good dinner? Go to Johnson's, 600 Strand." Upon the other poster, "Broken Down. Farical Comedy, Star Theatre," seems a sarcastic comment on its bearer. There is little traffic in this side street, beyond the occasional footsteps of a passenger hurrying through on some errand. There are no shops to attract idlers, and only dreary bedchambers on the upper stories overlook the quiet street.

The men who sat patiently side by side on the kerbstone did not appear to be acquainted. Chance had apparently brought them together, as near neighbors for the first time. Yet they were beyond curiosity, it seemed, as companions in misfortune mostly are, for neither looked at the other.

The older and more ragged man of the two was very thin and starved-looking. His hollow eyes looked out of a shrunken face, which, but for the unkempt beard, would have appeared like a piece of parchment stretched over a skull. He shivered from time to time so violently that his teeth chattered audibly.

"It's a cold day, mate. These infernal winds creep round every corner," he said at last, as if in excuse of a mortal weakness. The other man was Irish, and his speech betrayed him as well as twinkling eyes, in which a ghost of merriment yet lived.

"I believe ye, me bhoy! Ye need to be lined well inside and out not to feel of 'em." He pointed to the poster he had laid aside, and laughed at his own joke. "Don't *we* oughter go to Johnson's?"

But the other one apparently was beyond any perception of irony, for he only rose stiffly, saying, —

"I'll have on my sandwich again. It will keep the draughts out, anyhow." He pointed to the holes in his tattered coat before he replaced his boards, and remained standing. While he was engaged

adjusting his boards his companion looked him up and down for the first time.

"Ye've seen better days, I'll go bail. Ye weren't always a sandwich."

The gaunt one answered sharply, "No."

The red-haired Irishman grinned again. "Well, it ain't many as begins young in this line."

The older man shifted his boards to a more comfortable angle. "Not a profession that demands any particular ability or honesty, is it? We aren't likely to run away with these. It is about the last trade a man takes to before he turns his face to the wall."

"Better half a loaf than no bread, say I," responded the other.

"You won't kick at the bridge that carries you over," jeered the man who spoke like a gentleman.

The Irishman had taken out of his pocket a little roll of paper which he opened carefully, as if very precious, shielding its contents from the rough wind.

"Have some baccy?" he said to his comrade, as though to conciliate him. The man of educated voice and speech bent to look at the substance.

"Why, it's cigar ends!" he said in surprise.

"For sure!" and a hoarse laugh sounded down the silent street. "Don't ye go for to say ye think as the likes of me buys Turkish tobacco by the pound. I chews of these, and I smokes of them, and they does me a power of good." While he spoke he went on cutting the ends with a well-worn pocket-knife. "Where do I get 'em, ye wonders? Ye are a green one. Why, I collects of thim bits outside the clubs. Sometimes thim young swells will chuck half a cigar right away — prime sort. That's rare luck for me." Then, having completed the cutting, a dirty little pipe appeared from some receptacle in the collection of rags he called a coat, and presently he began to smoke. The man leaning against the colonnade watched him silently for a space.

"You've been a soldier," he said at last.

The dirty little pipe was removed from the Irishman's mouth, and with a look of surprise he turned quickly on his companion.

"For sure, me bhoy! But ye don't niver say ye see any drill left in me?" For a moment he straightened himself and made a pantomimic gesture of saluting.

"Were you ever in active service?"

With an animated gesture the old soldier swore a big oath, saying, "I've sent a few niggers to kingdom come." Then, with a more dejected air, "But it's twenty years since I left the regiment; it was soon after the New Zealand war."

The gentleman in rags looked more closely at him, saying quickly, "The New Zealand war — you were there?"

"Troth and I was. See my game leg." Here the man extended it, stroking it compassionately. "I've got a bullet in me yet from one of thim cursed Maoris. I was in the 120th Foot C Company, the smartest lot in the regiment."

The gentleman carrying the boards started. "Captain Dasborough commanded you," he said slowly, and his eyes had a haunted look.

"By the powers, he was the gentleman! Did ye know of him?"

A low and hollow laugh shook the boards.

"Yes, I knew him. He has been my most intimate friend all his life."

The old soldier shook his head as if in doubt.

"Thin ye knew him for a divil-may-care young blade. I was his servant."

The gentleman's boards shook again, but there was no more laughter beneath them.

"You — you were his servant?" And the hollow eyes searched the other man's face with an effort at recollection.

"For sure I was. But I've lost sight of the regiment now, and there ain't no one in it as 'ud remimber me. When a man gets into throuble sorra a one remimbers him."

At this moment a lady appeared at the end of the short street. She was young and graceful, and had a quick, light step. She came along the pavement straight towards the sandwich-men, smiling all the time. She was neatly though poorly dressed. The old soldier, hearing a foot-step, stretched his head to look round the protection of his pillar. He rose to his feet as quickly as he could on recognizing the lady.

"Bless the saints, she's come agen!"

"Who is she?" said the other man indifferently.

"She's an angel of light to some of us poor divils. Many a sixpence she has dropped into me hand at this very corner, and many a koind word, worth more than gold, she has spoke. None of us ain't too shabby or too poor for her to take notice of."

The girl was quite near them now, and

advanced with a look of bright happiness upon her face.

"Good-morning, Tom. So you're at work again. I have missed you on your usual beat lately. Have you been ill?"

"An faith, miss, it's the old wound in me leg that's broke out agen." Here he shook himself as if impatient of human weakness. "But there's a kick left in the old horse, and I'll die in harness if I can."

The girl sighed, and for a moment her eyes rested on the silent figure leaning against the pillar. "How brave you are, Tom! You know I am poor too and cannot help you. But have you no friends, no children, who could take care of you now you are growing old?"

The man called Tom stroked his ragged beard, and the twinkle died out of his eyes. "I had a little daughter worst" — he paused and looked at her as though measuring her height — "about your age it might be now;" a longer pause, in which a convulsive twitch passed over his face. "Faith, she had pretty blue eyes like ye, too."

The girl spoke softly. "And is she dead?"

"It may be. If she lives, may the blessed Virgin protect her — me little darlint!"

The gentleman with the boards drew his cap over his eyes. His attitude implied complete indifference to what was going on near him.

"This is the last time I may see you, Tom. I came this way to-day hoping to find you, so as to tell you I am going away to another country very soon. Perhaps you will miss me." A wistful glance was directed towards the worthless sot, the broken-down soldier who had seen "throuble," and whom no man on God's wide earth regarded with friendly or compassionate looks.

"Bad news it is. Thin I shall never see your sweet face agen?"

"I shall not need to teach any more, or to be a governess." She paused, blushing a little. "I am going to have a home of my own — to be married."

"Ye'll bring a power of happiness into some man's home." The ready Irish wit never failed.

"I hope I may," said the girl betwixt smiles and tears. "And when I am far away I shall often think of you and others" — here she glanced timidly towards the stranger — "I could do so little for. You know I have been so sorry for you all."

"But, for sure, ye've done a sight o' kindness to me."

The girl's attention seemed somehow attracted towards the silent figure leaning against the pillar, though the man gave no sign that he heard her words.

"This," she pointed to the other man, "is perhaps a friend of yours, Tom? I have noticed him here before."

Then the inanimate form gave evidence of life. The gentleman in rags removed his cap, and the wild March wind caught the wisps of grey hair that hung dishevelled about his neck. He was a sorry spectacle.

"We are all friends in misfortune, madam. It is Dives who has none," he said in answer to her speech to Kelly.

The girl turned eyes full of surprised inquiry upon him.

"You — you do not speak like" — here she hesitated — "you — must have been —"

"A gentleman," interposed Tom.

With the faint flicker of a smile the gentleman replaced his cap.

"I have been," he said laconically.

No one liked to break the silence after that. It was vain to offer pity. The calamity of fallen fortunes and estate was beyond all remedy now. Soon the lady addressed Tom once more.

"I have no money to spare to-day — nothing at all to give you. I have hardly enough to live on myself — till — till I am married." She hesitated a good deal, and her eyes were cast down in pitiful embarrassment. Her poor old *protégés* would go uncomfited by her little kindnesses now and in the future. With a sudden, child-like impulse she detached a bunch of violets from her gown and held them out.

"These flowers are very sweet — perhaps you don't care for violets, Tom — but you see I have nothing else."

It was hardly the kind of gift to be welcomed by a man of his class, but the poetry of life was not quite dead in this poor sinner. Tom even bent his shock-head a moment over the hand extended to him.

"Thank ye kindly, me pretty lady, and may thim blessed saints preserve ye wherever ye may be. I do not even know a name to ye."

"My name is Kate," she said simply.

"Sure and it was me mother's name — me child's name too."

"Now I must be going. Some one will be waiting for me." The girl touched the soiled and hardened hand with her own soft one.

"God bless ye, Kate!" said the poor sandwich-man, with his eyes following her departing steps.

"Good-bye!" said Kate softly, looking over her shoulder and waving her hand as she retreated.

The sleet had now begun to fall — a sharp shower, which was driven in gusts under the colonnade. The older sandwich-man was at last constrained to retire from the support of the pillar. He looked at the soldier with a curious gaze as he drew near to him.

"Your name is Thomas Kelly," he said suddenly. An angry gleam passed over the old soldier's face.

"Whist, man! don't ye cry it so loud!"

"You are greatly changed. I should not have known you if you had not named your regiment."

Then the soldier turned with a fierce oath on his superior. There are no superiors in sandwich life.

"Who, in the devil's name, may ye be?"

The wicked, parchment-face looked steadily down on the poor wretch recalled to recollection of his past.

"You were a man in my company. I made you my servant, and you were convicted of stealing the mess-moneys from my charge."

In trembling tones Kelly made answer. "I do not know ye."

The other man laid a hand on his shoulder, saying, "Am I right? Was this charge brought against you?"

Kelly, staggering back a little, leaned against the wall. A passing baker-boy looked curiously at this ill-assorted pair, who appeared to be holding a strange argument.

"Right ye are," said the old soldier faintly, "but I do not know ye, ye limb of Satan!"

The man smiled with a curious sort of satisfaction.

"Am I, then, so utterly changed?"

Something in his tone must have recalled the past to Kelly's clouded memory, for he crept nearer along the wall till he could peer closely in his companion's face.

"My God! Don't ye never say it! Ye are — ye were —"

The superior officer pushed back his cap, and in the private's eyes there dawned a slow recognition.

"I was Robert Dasborough — your captain years ago."

Kelly fell back quickly. "A sandwich! Sure such a dirty blackguard was

nivver Captain Dasborough — the loife of the regiment — a real swell — come to this!"

The man gave back a mocking echo.

"Yes — come to this."

"A filthy sandwich crawling the streets like a tortoise for nine bob a week! There is no likeness. Ye lie!"

Again the gentleman spoke in the calm tones that are always most convincing.

"Shall I prove it to you?"

"I will not believe ye," said Kelly vehemently.

The baker-boy came back from his errand down the street, and paused to look at the old chaps, who appeared still to be quarrelling. But as they did not come to blows the matter did not promise to be interesting, and he passed on, whistling.

"Listen, Tom Kelly." Here, as if to emphasize his speech, the gentleman touched his companion's arm. "When you knew me last I was a young man still — a plucky, reckless soldier, fond of wine and cards."

"For sure he loved his glass, the captain did, and would pick up his cards and run his horses with the best of men."

Without regarding the interruption, the ex-captain went on. "I threw away a decent fortune with the carelessness of a gambler."

"Right ye are! The captain chuckled about his gold like farthings."

The voice went on without ceasing.

"You, my servant, were charged by me with stealing some missing moneys, *to which you and I alone had access*. You see, my man, I know all the details of your miserable story. The theft was brought home to you by circumstantial evidence, and you were convicted."

The wretched sinner listened to the history of his life with wild eyes and bloodless lips.

"And that sentence sent me down hill a bit. It ain't easy to live alongside rogues and villains in a gaol for years without gettin' a taste for their sort o' tricks."

The gentleman with the tattered cap smiled with a sort of contempt.

"You still declare you went to prison an innocent man, then?"

"Ay, before Almighty God, I did; but I came out minded to be guilty. I have served more than one sentence since." There was something in this wretched creature's attitude which seemed to demand belief.

"And you served your full sentence for some other man's guilt?" said the other,

turning his face from the man he tortured.

"For sure I did, and my curse lie on him wherever he may be. Think of it, sir," — the old habit of respectful address broke out — "to let a man rot in gaol; to take me away from me wife and child, and to shut me up for long years with thim divils." There was a long pause, and in the silence the wind whistled and the traffic of the streets made a muffled roar. At last Kelly turned a puzzled look on the man who stood beside him.

"Me captain was a fine, upstanding chap, with a bold face and a laughing eye, and ye — ye are —"

Then came a fierce rejoinder.

"While I am a hang-dog wretch, a cringing, shrivelled sot, with no soul, and very little body left. Yet I swear I am the man I claim to be."

"It can't be true," said Kelly, still staring at him in a fixed way.

"Kelly, my man, do you remember a wounded officer left in your charge in the forest of Waikaro, and that you were attacked by five natives, and defended your captain single-handed, at the risk of your own life? Oh, you were a brave man, Tom Kelly, let me tell you." The tattered gentleman stooped and patted the hero of his story on the back.

"No one remembers that tale," the hero muttered.

"You deserved the Victoria Cross, but you did not get it. See, do you remember this wound?" The officer bared one arm of rags and showed the mark of a deep cut, either of spear or knife.

"By the blessed saints, then, ye are me captain! but sure ye've got a new face. Will ye shake hands, sir? We're not so far apart now."

"No," came the answer, with fierce decision, from the man of birth. For a second's space they looked into each other's face, and then it was worthy of notice that the officer dropped his eyes. "Remember," he said slowly, "I gave evidence against you at your trial."

"But sure, sir, I've forgiven ye that thrifle. The look of the thing was against me, and 'tis all so long ago." He smiled in a dreary way.

Kelly had begun to think his companion was a bit cranky. The short, sharp replies, the unreasoning laughter, and the contempt of his own beggary and wretchedness convinced him that his old officer was somewhat distraught. It was no uncommon experience to meet with half-witted sandwich-men, harmless enough,



and capable of carrying boards as directed, but withal with some important screw loose.

While Kelly sat reflecting on the strange meeting, half doubting that life still held anything surprising for him, another passenger drew near unobserved. The newcomer was a young man with quick, firm tread and a strong, resolute face.

"Good-day, my men. Not got a crust between you this dinner-time? Have either of you seen a young lady pass this way? She is tall and slight, and she wears a grey dress."

Kelly indicated St. Alban's Place with a grimy forefinger. For down this passage the girl had gone. "Thank you, my man. Here's a shilling apiece." His rapid glance searched the face of the man who had not spoken, and apparently its dissolute and gaunt appearance was clear to him. "Go and have a dinner somewhere. Now, don't drink all of it."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," said Kelly effusively, ducking his shock-head repeatedly; and after he had watched the passenger disappear he hobbled off in the opposite direction, to some familiar drinking-bar.

The young man did not, however, go far round the corner, and his step gradually slackened as he proceeded. He said to himself that it was more than hopeless to attempt to assist old reprobates of that class. And then, stirred by the sudden recollection of a woman's tender pity for such friendless waifs and strays, he retraced his steps. He would see what he could do. One of the men was under a small obligation to him already, and he had recognized him at a glance.

And this man was now solitary beneath the colonnade, occupied in tossing the coin so lately bestowed upon him. Evidently the ruling passion was still strong, for he pursued his game of chance with so much attention that he did not hear any approach. When the donor touched him on the shoulder he turned his gaunt face sharply, like a dog about to snap. "Have you come to ask for your money back?" jeered the fallen gentleman.

The answer was conciliatory and calm.

"I've seen you before, my man."

"I dare say." Again the coin was spun in the air.

"In a hospital, six months back. Your hand was injured in some low gambling brawl, and I dressed it for you."

"Right you are," said the captain.

Without any encouragement, his new friend was persistent.

"And I offered to get you work when you left the hospital." The young doctor appeared to be reminding him of past favors, so the gentleman shook himself free of patronage with an angry expletive.

"I want no help to live, though I have not the pluck to put an end to the fight myself."

For a moment the young man seemed to reflect. Here was a nature almost impossible to deal with; yet he would try once more.

"Was it misfortune, or — or —" He paused, and the sandwich-man took up the question with a mocking laugh.

"Or crime, young sir, you mean. Don't beg the question. I'm not squeamish nowadays. It was crime." There was a deadly emphasis of certainty in his words.

"But there may be people belonging to you who could — who would —"

"For God's sake, do not teach any one to find me. I am lost, lost —"

Yet the young man persevered.

"I leave England next week as surgeon to a colonial hospital. I shall have no further chance of doing you a good turn."

The man in rags answered vehemently;

"No need to look for me if you ever come back. I shall soon go under — under. A few steps more, a stumble again, and then the great darkness — death. Hurrah for Death! for he's a jolly good fellow." Again he tossed the coin.

The young doctor turned away with a curt good-morning, while the sandwich-man continued practising the tossing of his coin, crying "Heads or tails?" But, after all, this might have been a feint of indifference, for he ceased his play when his friendly adviser was out of sight. Looking after the young man to see if he was out of sight or still under observation, his eye fell upon a dark object lying on the pavement — a pocket-book, surely, or something similar. Advancing quickly, he pounced upon it like an animal.

"This must be his; there will be money in it," he muttered. Then, looking round stealthily, he clutched it closer and retreated once more to the shelter of the colonnade. He appeared about to open the new-found treasure when a policeman on his beat passed round the corner on the opposite side of the street. The policeman, with merely a cursory glance bestowed on a sandwich-man in the customary resort of his kind, passed out of sight. Then once more the pocket-book came to light, and was opened with trembling fingers. The man smiled sardonically, murmuring to himself, —

"I'm going to rob him, because he has been kind to me. That's the way of it."

Then he began to count the notes rapidly. "Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. He calls himself a poor man, and he can lose twenty pounds!" He looked at the money, he hugged it, he even kissed it in a frenzy of joy. Then suddenly his hand fell to his side, and with a terror-stricken gaze he looked before him. He appeared as if overcome by a momentary fear or recollection. Perhaps he saw the ghost of his lost self. So he sat, fighting a silent battle, for a few seconds. Then, with a firm touch, he rolled up the notes and replaced them carefully in the pocket-book. Afterwards, shouldering the posters, he moved up the street in the direction taken by the young man, with the heavy, creeping gait of his kind. Kelly, having refreshed himself, came back to advise the other man to do likewise, but found him gone, and himself left to face the young doctor returning again in haste.

"Have you picked anything up, my man?" he called out anxiously when yet a few paces off.

"I'm always a-picking up what I can; cigar-ends and such-like," rejoined Kelly.

"I have lost a valuable pocket-book, and I had it a few minutes before I turned down this street. Where is the other man?"

"Faith, and I'll swear he's gone to the nearest chap who'll stake his shilling on a horse."

The young man knitted his brow anxiously.

"I may have left it in some of the shops where I called," he said, and with rapid strides passed on.

Kelly, who was now temporarily warmed, if not fed, looked after him, with a grin, muttering,—

"Them young men does take things to heart. Now, as for me, it's only the weight of them blasted boards," here he kicked venomously at the innocent posters resting against the wall, "that aggrawates me. I owe 'em a grudge. Haven't they give me a hump on me shoulder through crawling about like a snail wi' a shell on me back." And leaning against the wall himself, he took a blissful snooze of short duration.

It was the other sandwich-man who came back to rouse him. "Quick march, my man. It's time to be on the move again."

And Kelly, grumbling, roused himself and asked his companion to hoist the boards on his shoulders. He was inclined

to be more quarrelsome with fate since he had spent his shilling.

"Them boards is too much for me. I've done nought but carry posters that tells of good eating and drinking the last month."

"The irony of fate, Kelly," said the other man as he adjusted the strap. "Well, it won't last much longer for either of us, I fancy." Here he produced his shilling. "Let's toss who'll get his discharge first."

Kelly looked hard at the captain, and shook his head. Here was an absolute proof of impaired intellect. "Anything to please ye, sir. It don't make much matter who sends in his papers first." He decided it was better to humor the mood of his companion.

"Heads, death takes me; tails, you give me the go-by," said the officer.

"Faith, 'tis a quare game," muttered Kelly as he watched the coin spin.

"You call," said the man who tossed.

"Heads!" said Kelly.

"Heads it is, by Jove!" said the superior. "My turn first." He laughed and hugged himself.

"Then, sure, as I've got to wait a bit longer till the ould hour-glass comes along, I'll be tramping on to me beat. Bless the Holy Virgin, I've had a good drink."

And, chuckling to himself, with tottering gait he made his way back to Regent Street. The other man did not immediately follow, and it was not till steps were again heard on the pavement that he roused himself to realize the situation. Looking under the colonnade, he saw the young doctor approaching once more. This time he came accompanied by the girl who had passed up the street earlier. She leaned upon the young man's arm, and they had the appearance of lovers. So engrossed were they in their own conversation that they did not observe the sandwich-man half hidden by a pillar. The sleet was falling again in one of the sudden squalls that came on from time to time.

"You had better wait here a few moments, darling. It is a quiet corner, and the storm will be over presently."

"There is no need for me to hurry to-day," said the girl called Kate. "I gave my last lesson to my pupils this morning. I can scarcely believe it all, Cecil." She flashed a happy smile at him. The listening sandwich-man lifted his head.

"But, dearest, you must believe that I am going to carry you to the end of the

world as my wife next week." There was an eloquent silence, and the girl's cheek flushed. Then she said, —

"It is like a wonderful fairy-tale to me. I can hardly believe my days of drudgery are at an end." The young doctor caressed the little hand that rested so lightly on his arm.

"My appointment has come so unexpectedly that I do not wonder. But, my darling, are there no friends you would like to visit before we go?" The girl shook her head sadly.

"I have told you I am quite alone in the world; even the lady who took me from the workhouse and educated me is dead."

The man sighed a little. "Well, we both began life humbly. I in a charity-school, you in the workhouse, and we neither of us have much reason to bless our parents." The man behind the pillar gathered every word that was spoken in his hand hollowed. "I have often wondered if my father is still alive. Sometimes in the hospitals, when poor wretches have been brought in sick or injured, I have searched their faces and questioned them about their past." The listener on the other side of the pillar made a sign of assent.

"Poor Cecil!" said Kate. "And yet you knew your father had fallen very low?"

"Yes, I knew," he said quietly; "but there are sometimes strange meetings in the hospitals."

"Oh!" said the girl, with tears springing to her eyes, "your heart is better than mine. I have always been *afraid* — yes, afraid — lest my father should some day appear and stretch out a hand — a convict's hand, remember — and drag me down to misery and degradation."

"My poor, friendless Kate!" said the young man tenderly, "there is no fear of that now; no one can claim you when you are my wife — Kate Dasborough."

At the utterance of this name a ghastly pallor spread over the face of the listening sandwich-man. He gasped for breath as if choking, and leaned against the pillar for support.

"Yes, I shall soon be Kate Kelly no more," she murmured, with a happy smile.

"That reminds me," said her lover, "that I have lost my pocket-book. I had intended to buy you a wedding gift with part of its contents." The girl released her hand from his arm quickly.

"Where did you lose it? You said you passed this way before. Let us look about. There is little traffic round this

corner." She glided under the colonnade round the pillar, and came face to face with a man crouched low. "Why, here is a sandwich-man, fallen asleep!" The crouching creature lifted his head and stared at her in a wild way.

"You are Kate Kelly," he muttered.

"Oh, I'm wide awake, young lady."

Kate drew a little back. The man alarmed her.

"But how pale you look! You must be ill. Have you fallen down? See, Cecil, how the poor man's hand trembles."

The trembling hand brought forth the lost pocket-book and handed it to its owner.

"Is this yours?"

Cecil took it slowly, and his eye searched the man's face. "You picked it up?"

"Yes," said the sandwich-man, "and looked inside."

The doctor opened the book and counted his notes. "You are an honest man."

"For once," rejoined the fallen gentleman, with bitter irony.

"You will accept a reward?" and the young man offered a sovereign. The other man's eyes glistened, but with a supreme effort he resisted the temptation.

"From you — no."

During the exchange of these few brief words a great noise of voices and footsteps was heard approaching.

"Something has happened," said Kate, looking timidly towards the end of the street, where the advance guard of a ragged crowd was visible. "See, Cecil, they are coming this way."

"Some street brawl, no doubt. I must take you out of the way. Come, my Kate."

"No," said Kate, "they are carrying something — some one."

"It must be a man hurt or run over," said the doctor; "they are carrying him on boards. It is a sandwich-man knocked down, I think."

Kate advanced a few steps.

"Oh," she said, "not my poor sandwich-man — old Tom. Do something quickly for him, Cecil."

"Go away at once, Kate," said the doctor imperatively, for he saw a piece of sacking had been thrown over the still form. Then he approached the bearers and was lost to Kate's view in the little crowd.

"Let me look," he said to the policeman, "I am a surgeon."

"The old chap has been run over by a 'bus. It ain't no use, sir; it's all over with the little Irishman." Tom was a

well-known character, and even the policeman showed a rough sympathy with his sudden end. Then decently and reverently they carried the dead man away, and no one saw that nestling in the rags above his breast was a little bunch of sweet-smelling violets.

As they carried him down the street the crown of his red head was visible. The sandwich-man beneath the colonnade made a stumble forwards as if intending to follow the procession; but he staggered and fell back with some sudden weakness on Cecil Dasborough's arm. He was muttering strange words—mad words, they thought.

"Dead is he before me! Won by a neck, Tom! He's got the game though I won the toss. Death, old fellow, you've cheated me again!"

The girl Kate was weeping softly. She turned to her lover, saying,—

"He had no friends, no one who cared for him at all; but he had a daughter once, and she might be about my age. Poor Tom—poor old Tom. He said, 'God bless you, Kate!'—oh, please remember he said, 'God bless you, Kate!'" And she sobbed.

The young doctor half lifted, half dragged the sandwich-man to the shelter of the colonnade, and there loosened the neck-band of his shirt. He still muttered incoherently.

"The boards are not so heavy now, my man, for you. Has God Almighty given you the cross for valor at last? Oh, I'm coming soon to give evidence in your favor, Tom—in your favor, do you hear?" He struck his breast. "*Here* stands the gentleman who was a liar and a thief."

They thought his brain was weak, and that this was delirium caused by the sudden alarm. The stragglers from the crowd who yet remained behind jeered and mocked at the poor gibbering creature, but Kate and the doctor stood over him to protect him from actual molestation. With eyes blazing he went on more volubly.

"I robbed him, my servant, of honor, of home and wife and child—that child"—he pointed to Kate. "I left him to bear the penalty of my crime, to be branded as a thief, and nothing can give back his blasted life. Out of the way there, you cursed fools! Tom, I am coming to bear witness for you before this day dies." He struck right and left to clear a passage for himself. "Oh, you were a brave man, Tom—no one knows how brave, but I know." He took up his boards, glaring

defiance at the insulting, grinning throng which pressed about him, mocking him with coarse street banter. He cast one strange look of fear at the weeping Kate and the young man who sought to draw her away.

"I must send in my papers to-night," he said, drawing his breath heavily. "The court-martial will sit before to-morrow's sun. Out of my way, you infernal crew!" And, pushing forwards, the sandwich-man walked down the street with a brave front, and no backward glance for friend or enemy. His face was set before a long, long journey.

That night he was missing from the ranks of his fellows, and thereafter his place knew him no more. Not even his boards were ever found, and how or where the end came none could say.

A week later Cecil and Kate Dasborough, man and wife, were sailing over the seas to a new and happier life, knowing nothing of the final tragedy of their parents' lives. But though the truth was veiled from her eyes, Kate yet remembered that a poor sandwich-man had blessed her before he died. And the sins of the fathers have not been visited on the children.

H. MUSGRAVE.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
IRISH CHRONICLES.

GERALD THE GREAT.

# I.

ACROSS the still for the most part unenclosed plains of mid-Ireland, over what long ranked as its fifth province, smallest though most important of the five, but which had now for several centuries been only part of Leinster, a company of horseman were riding leisurely towards Dublin.

They were a very pious party, for they had just been visiting a succession of shrines or holy places, in fulfilment of a vow not long before made by their leader. What particular holy places they were, the historians of the day do not tell us, but one at any rate must have been the shrine of the Miraculous Virgin of Trim, in Meath, then, though not for very long to come, untouched by the spoiler. The date was the beginning of the month of July in the year of our Lord, 1488. It is less easy to state absolutely what was the actual day, but there is reason to think that it must have been between the fourth

and the seventh of that month. In any case is not punctilious accuracy in such matters surely a vanity? The central and most important portion of our company consisted of a group of horsemen, better armed, better attired, better mounted than the rest, and foremost among these rode one best mounted, best armed of all, as well he might, seeing that it was no other than the lord deputy and governor of Ireland, Gerald, Earl of Kildare, known to his followers and posterity as Geroit Mor or Gerald the Great, eighth and chief of his name, who had already ruled Ireland with few breaks through three past reigns, and was destined to rule it with varying fortunes throughout the greater part of the one recently entered upon, and past it into the beginning of the one beyond.

Big people the Fitzgeralds emphatically were and had been for many a long day past. Setting aside their earlier and more varying fortunes, for sixty years back at least the history of their house had been to all intents and purposes the history of the island, at least of the only part of it of which polite people and the world beyond the Channel took any cognizance — about a twentieth, that is to say, of its whole extent, dwindling down in the worst times to considerably less, nay not unfrequently threatening to disappear from observation altogether.

Geroit Mor, like every Geraldine before him, had had his full share of fighting ever since the down first began to stiffen on his upper lip. His father had "reigned" off and on since the year 1454, when he was appointed deputy to Richard Duke of York, well beloved of the Irish. It had been a time of pretty stiff social convulsion and disaster both in Ireland and out of it, perhaps by way of variety, worse out of it than in. In 1459, "a great defeat," says the Four Masters, "was given by the Earl of Kildare to the O'Connor Faly." Next year, however, a more serious and better known defeat befell, that of Wakefield, when both Yorkist Fitzgeralds and Lancastrian Butlers fought and were killed beside the same well-liked Richard of York. This was a great and seemingly a crushing blow, only that the very next year down for good went the Lancastrian rose, and up went Edward the Fourth, and up again like corks went all that belonged to him, and amongst them the Leinster Fitzgeralds. The Earl of Kildare was at once reinstated as lord justice and practically governor of Ireland, and two years later was appointed its

lord chancellor for life, with a fee of — the splendor dazzles us — forty pounds a year and ten shillings per diem.

Troublous times seemed to be over for good, as Earl Thomas seems indeed to have thought, for he and his wife (she was his far-away cousin Lady Joan Fitzgerald, sister of the Earl of Desmond) set themselves to build and endow an abbey of Franciscans at Adare near Limerick, giving it two chalices of silver, and its great bell, which cost, says the family annalist, ten pounds sterling. Troublous times were not, however, absolutely over forever and ever, since only three years later both brothers-in-law, Kildare and Desmond, were arrested, it was supposed at the instigation of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, whose dignity they had spoken lightly of, and being enticed to Drogheda, where a parliament was then sitting under the presidency of John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, Desmond's head was summarily struck off, for no particular reason that could ever be assigned either then or afterwards. The other earl was too quick-sighted a bird to be caught in so palpable a net, and getting away to England he, like his son and his grandson after him, so pleaded his own cause, and so effectually laid bare the malice of his enemies, that back he came triumphantly, the Act of Attainder having to be repealed — we may guess with what wry faces — by the very same parliament that had just pronounced it, and lord justice he shortly afterwards became again, and lord justice or lord deputy he continued to be with few and trifling interregnums till his death on the 25th of March, 1477, when he was buried, says the annalist, beside his father in the Monastery of All Hallows near Dublin, and Geroit Mor his son henceforth reigned in his stead.

Of the doings and sayings of this our present Gerald during his father's lifetime, little can be disentangled. He was the first knight and captain of the order of the Brothers of St. George, consisting of thirteen knights chosen from the four Obedient Shires, also forty horsemen, one hundred and twenty mounted archers, and some forty pages, an institution set on foot by Earl Thomas, the better to keep the Irish in awe and terror, but not a very effective one as far as can be gathered, and which came to a summary conclusion some fifty years later.

Dim enough, truth to tell, is all that, even at this comparatively late date, can be ascertained of the most illustrious of Irishmen. The houses of Kildare and



Ormonde are in this respect the best off, yet authentic records, beyond the meagrest, there are few. No portrait, even the rudest, of Geroit Mor seems to be extant, nor yet armor that he wore, or weapon that he handled, while of his chief house little remains save the mere naked walls, broken in his grandson's time by the cannon of Skeffington, and existing as a ruin only to our own. Some meagre descriptions there are, but how far they correspond to the actual man as his contemporaries saw and knew him must be guessed less by evidence than by a sort of process of imaginative reconstruction. At the date we stand at he must have been somewhere between forty and fifty years of age. Nearer we cannot go, for the year of his birth seems to be unrecorded, an odd circumstance seeing that we have that of his father, son, grandson, great-grandson, and most of the rest of his house. "A mightie man of stature," Holinshed the chronicler tells us he was, and as this is borne out by another report which describes him as "of tall-stature and good presence" we may safely regard it as accurate. A big, broad-shouldered man, with a good-natured, dominant face, already beginning to get somewhat heavy about the region of the lower jaw. Though little or no Celtic blood is traceable in his veins there seems to have been a considerable share of it in his nature, however it got there. "The Earl being soon hotte and soon cold was well beloved," says the same Holinshed. "He was open and playne, hardly able to rule himself when he was moved; in anger not so sharp as short, being easily displeased, and sooner appeased." A vehement, sharp-spoken man evidently, dangerous as gunpowder when opposed, but easily mollified when once the occasion for anger was past; nay, not difficult to move to laughter, even at his angriest, and liking a jest, though it were sometimes at his own expense. Thus anecdote tells that one day he being in hot rage with a servant, one Maister Boyce, "a gentleman retigned to him," was offered a horse by another retainer on condition that he would venture to "plucke an heare (hair) from the earl hys bearde." Thereat nothing daunted, Boyce, stepping boldly up to the earl, "with whose good nature he was thoroughly acquainted, sayd, 'If it like your good lordshippe one of your horsemen has promised me a choyce nagge if I do snippe one haire from your bearde,' 'Well,' quoth the earl, 'I agree thereto, but if thou plucke out more than one I

promise to bring my fyst about thine eare.'"

Likely to be adored by his followers a man like this! Imagine the store of such tales, of which this doubtless is but a sample, which must have been circulated round the camp fires, while the steaks were grilling, and the clothes drying, upon one of those interminable expeditions or petty wars which the lord deputy was forever waging against O'Brynes, O'Tooles, O'Connor Falys, or other of the "king's Irish enemies"! For, his big keep of Maynooth notwithstanding, Geroit Mor was essentially an out-of-door man. He loved to be in the saddle. He loved fighting for its own sake — too much so, those who liked him not averred — and would have made a raid — most Irishmen of his day or perhaps of any day for that matter would — were it but to recover a strayed kid.

Everything we learn of him bears the same stamp. His talk — what scraps remain — smacks emphatically of the open air. He quickly sickened of courts and courtly places, even when not kept in them as a prisoner. His son's speech, oft quoted, to Wolsey might have fitted quite as naturally into the mouth of his father: "I slumber, my lord, in a hard cabyn, while your Grace sleepest in a bed of downe; I serve under the cope of Heaven when you are served under a canapie; I drinke water out of my skull, when you drinke wine out of golden cuppes; my courser is trayned to the field, when your genet is taught to amble. When you are begraced, crouched and kneeled to, I find small grace with any of our Irish rebels, 'cept I myself cut them off by the two knees."

Wolsey, we are told, having all this suddenly fired at him, "rose up in a fume from the councayle table, perceiving Kildare to be no babe." No Kildare, neither the seventh, eighth, ninth, or any of the name, was a "babe," and their tongues were to the full as ready at an encounter as their swords. Geroit Mor himself had a somewhat similar ordeal, as we shall presently see, to go through with the king, and came off not less triumphantly. If the reader insists on asking how far these and similarly reported utterances are or are not strictly historical, I own that I am at a loss to reply — may one even go so far as to add that the matter is not of any profound consequence one way or other? Written down as they were by contemporaries, they fitted doubtless well enough into the popular estimate of the men, or

they would not have been told at all. Beyond this, who, if it comes to that, knows anything with absolute certainty about anybody? Let us be thankful if any fragments, bearing some at least of the colors of life, still exist, and not scan their credentials too curiously. Certitude is not for this world, and certainly is not the peculiar prerogative of Ireland and Irish historians!

Although, as already explained, this was no raiding expedition, but, on the contrary, a pious pilgrimage, undertaken for the good of his soul, the earl was followed by a considerable train of horsemen, all well armed, well mounted, all with the "G" blazoned conspicuously upon their left breasts. After the horsemen followed a yet larger body of foot retainers, the usual fighting kerns and gallowglasses of the time—hardy, lightfooted rascals, ready for anything from throat-cutting to hen-roost-robbing at a hint, or much less than a hint, from their leader. Behind these again followed a much less well-armed and less recognizable body, the irregular camp followers and footmen, such as always gathered and followed a chief or great man in those days, no matter what he might be doing or going to. Who were they, and what were they? In all probability even their nominal owners, those who were responsible for them, could hardly have answered *that* question. They were servants of servants, kerns of kerns, running attendants upon running horse-boys; cosherers, carquois, idlers, loafers, armed ragamuffins of every sort and kind. They slept habitually, even when not on the march, in the open air, the rain on wet nights pouring over their half-naked limbs and forming gathering pools about them; they lived upon the remains of feasts, flung to them as we fling scraps to the dogs. It was part of the pride of the great Anglo-Irish nobles to have as many retainers as possible, quite irrespective of their usefulness or efficiency; consequently they were tolerated, if not encouraged, and whatever shortness of fare they may have incurred in their service, they indemnified themselves for it by wholesale depredations upon those who in their turn durst offer them no opposition. For it was one of the most serious of the many accusations brought against the Kildares, that they were desperately lax as regards this burning question of "coign and livery," and their followers were undoubtedly recognized scourges, locusts who descended upon the poor man's fields, and under the

name of "free quartering," "coshering," and the like, swept off all that was upon them, devouring his scanty store of corn, cattle, and everything else that he had, and then passed on to ravage other and equally defenceless owners in the same fashion. A bad system, truly, my lords of Kildare! Bad for others, and bad too in the long run for you and yours. The only defence, if defence we must seek, is that, when not actually on the war path, the victims in the great majority of cases were hereditary holders of land, or as we say, tenants, and that if exaction at the sword's point was common, eviction, or even the milder form of rent-collecting, was all but unknown.

It is a common use [says Spencer, writing about a century later] amongst the landlords of the Irish to have a common spending upon their tenants. . . . For the tenants were never wont and still are loathe to yield any certain rent, but only such spendings. For their common saying is, "Spend me and defend me."

To defend his own people Geroit Mor, to do him justice, was rarely loth—far too little his enemies said—seeing that any relative, retainer, or partisan of a Geraldine or the ally of a Geraldine was safe to catch his ear, while as for the followers and adherents of other houses they might clamor often in Dublin for a month at a time, and never find the deputy at leisure.

If the would-be petitioner was a Butler, or remotest kin to a Butler, then indeed he might be certain of that result! The feud between these two houses was already several centuries old, and all Leinster, more especially in the immediate neighborhood of their respective strongholds, had again and again been literally torn in pieces by it. The present Earl of Ormonde was an absentee, and his place in the Palatinate and at the head of the small army of fighting retainers which feasted and swaggered around Kilkenny had fallen into the hands of an illegitimate cousin of his, one Sir James Butler or Sir James of Ormonde. So completely and for so long did he continue to represent his absent chief that he is commonly spoken of in the Irish annals of the day as the Earl of Ormonde, or rather of Wormond, Wormon, or Worman, for orthography was an unborn art, and the most familiar names are rarely spelt twice over in the same way. Sir James's power did not pass, however, unchallenged amongst his own kindred; a certain Piers Butler, who was the earl's heir presumptive,

tive, being held by many to be a much more fitting leader and representative, pending the absence of the real head of the house. By way of strengthening these divisions and thereby weakening the hostile force as a whole, Kildare had not long before bestowed his own daughter Lady Margaret Fitzgerald in marriage upon this Piers Butler. Sir James nevertheless kept his hold of the fighting kerns, and the result was that the struggle between him and the deputy kept the whole wretched Pale and its borders in eternal hot water, the acts done on either side being often enough to make a modern reader's hair stand on end, especially when one reflects that one of the two culprits was the responsible chief of the government, and head of the executive.

It was the more rash of Geróit Mor, seeing that his own position as deputy was anything but secure at that moment. The battle of Bosworth was still only three years old, and its effect had naturally been to elevate all Lancastrians, and depress all Yorkist friends and adherents. Now the Fitzgeralds, as all men knew, had always been as vehement Yorkists, as the Butlers were strong and ardent Lancastrians; hence a cautious somewhat depreciating line of conduct was the one plainly dictated by policy and self-interest. He had done one prudent thing two years before in ordering a *Te Deum* to be publicly sung in Christ Church Cathedral the instant the new king's marriage to Elizabeth of York was reported in Ireland, but this probably was more to please the queen than the king, for his heart was known to be with the exiled house, and his obedience to the new ruler but a reluctant and very half-hearted one at best. He had been more or less inculpated in the feeble and abortive insurrection got up by Lord Lovel shortly after the king's accession, and there had been plenty of people ready to assure Henry that had it succeeded he would have had to face an Ireland in arms, with his own deputy at the head of the rebels. How far this was the case or not does not seem clear, but possibly it was true enough. The matter at any rate had been passed over, and apparently forgotten, as what happened in Ireland was very apt to be overlooked and forgotten in those days; tempestuous seas, bad shipping, difficulties of transport of all kinds, making a lord deputy—especially so considerable a lord deputy as Geróit Mor—to all practical intents and purposes absolute, almost as much so as if no king reigned in England, and no

Henry the Second had ever crossed the narrow seas.

Kildare had not profited, however, by his escape as he ought to have done; on the contrary, he had since then been engaged, nay, had been foremost in a yet wilder and more hazardous piece of rebellion, one which even the most clement or the most occupied of monarchs could hardly be expected to wink at. The whole affair too had been such a desperate *fiasco*! It had ended in such disaster, so complete, so ir retrievable, as a man could hardly look back at without keen mortification and at least some self-blame. That it lay heavily upon Earl Gerald's thoughts that day as he slowly pursued his way over the Meath pastures we may be sure. He would not have been human had it not done so, and, faults and all, it is difficult to imagine a more completely natural human being than this same jovial, passionate, easy-going Irish deputy. Let us, too, look back a year and see what befell then, so we shall better be able to appreciate what his thoughts must have been, as, followed by his motley train of attendants, he rode, a big man upon a big horse, slowly, very slowly, in the direction of Dublin.

## II.

BARELY fourteen months before that day a very strange ceremony might have been seen going forward in that town. Nearly every lord of Anglo-Irish descent in the island, as well without as within the Pale, had come up to the capital for the occasion. Lords Birmingham of Athenry, Courcy of Kinsale, Nugent of Delvin, Flemming of Slane, Plunket of Dunsany, Barnewall of Trimleston, another Plunket, the Lord of Killeen; all these and others besides were there, likewise the Archbishop of Dublin, and at least two bishops, the Bishop of Kildare, and Payne, Bishop of Meath. Every Anglo-Irishman of note, in short, in Ireland had mustered, and every Anglo-Irish house had its representative—all, that is, save two. There were no Butlers, and there were no St. Lawrences, for the Earl of Howth had openly scoffed at the proceedings then taking place, had roundly declared that it was a folly and "a mad dance," and that none of his name or belonging to him should be allowed to take part in it.

Yet a more important occasion surely could hardly have been found, or a more important ceremony, seeing that it was nothing less than a coronation—the first coronation that had taken place on Irish

ground, with the exception of David Bruce's, since the Conquest. Let us examine this coronation a little closely, for truly it will repay our scrutiny. Only in Ireland, one is tempted to say, could such a ceremony have taken place; only in Ireland such a monarch have been crowned, such a gathering have come together for the purpose, such a performance have been looked upon as perfectly natural, appropriate, and even serious.

Who that monarch was seems hardly known to this day. We know, that is to say, his name, but of his birth and parentage practically nothing. He rose out of his native mud, fluttered a brief moment, like some bedizened May-fly or other poor ephemera, and then disappeared to be seen no more. Whether he was in reality "son to Thomas Simnell late of Oxford, joiner," as royal proclamations afterwards declared, seems past the guessing. What he was called in Ireland at that moment was Edward, Earl of Warwick, son of George, Duke of Clarence, who had been born in that very Dublin, and whose memory was therefore dear to the hearts of all good Dublinites. That there was another Earl of Warwick known to be quite alive and in the king's hands—nay, promenaded about so as to be seen of all men—mattered little or nothing. This one here present is our own particular Warwick; this one we can see, touch, walk round, certify to; this one has been followed hither by Martin Swart, famed captain of mercenaries, accompanied by two thousand German soldiers—solid, tangible, tow-headed warriors, impressive in a country that has not for many generations seen other than its own wild native levies; a gracious youth, moreover, easily moved to tears over his royal woes, and his gratitude to his Irish benefactors; above all, this one and no other is Earl Gerald's nominee, and therefore Warwick he is, and king he shall be, though it rain kings and Warwicks elsewhere for a week or two at a time!

So accordingly it was settled, and Edward the Sixth, king of all England and Ireland—or was the order, one wonders, for the occasion reversed?—he was duly proclaimed; taken to the Cathedral of Christ Church, and there in the presence of the lord deputy, the chancellor, and other functionaries solemnly crowned, the Bishop of Meath preaching the coronation sermon. And—royal crowns being of late years unfortunately not needed in Ireland—one was borrowed for the occasion from the head of the statue of the

Virgin, "in St. Mary's Church by the Dame gate." Still wearing which—picture the scene; the lad (he was only fifteen), the crowd, the church, the bishop, the crown—scarce likely, one would say, to be a fit; he was mounted upon the shoulders of "Great Darcy of Platten," tallest man of the day in Ireland, and so hoisted and so becrowned marched back from the cathedral to the castle, all his train following.

Whether phantom King Simnels or remote King Henrys were the nominal rulers of Ireland, Geroit Mor was apt to be the real one! Waterford having refused to take part in the late ceremonial, a herald was despatched thither, bearing the Geraldine arms on his tabard, to order its citizens to proclaim King Edward the Sixth then and there, upon pain of the earl's displeasure and summary hanging. Refused admission by the mayor and commonalty of that city, he repeated his message to them from a boat in the harbor, and returned to report their inexplicable obstinacy and insolence to the deputy.

There was no time to pursue them further for the moment. Geroit Mor had his hands full. Dublin, once the pride, glory, and satisfaction of the coronation was over, was beginning to feel the weight of its own spirited proceedings. To have a king of your very own—no dim potentate, throned away in England, but one of your own creating; walking your own streets, and being saluted by your own citizens—was no doubt a very glorious and satisfactory possession; but to have to feed two thousand mercenaries—German ones, picture it!—in a country already eaten up with coyne, livery, and every species of exaction, was a serious matter, not long or patiently to be endured. Active operations were accordingly decided upon, no less active and simple than the conquest of England! Kildare decided to remain behind, seeing that Ireland was likely to get on badly in his absence; but his brother, Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, called of Laccagh, took command of such Irish levies as could be hastily got together, and in company with all the late guests got on shipboard and sailed forth, prepared to take the field.

Off then went poor phantom King Simnel; with him went Simon the priest, his instructor (as we should say "coach") in the part he had to play. Off went Swart, with his two thousand mercenaries. Off went Lords Lovel and Lincoln, who had come to Ireland to see and do honor to their king. Off went Fitzgerald of Lac

cagh, having resigned the office of chancellor (considerate Fitzgerald!) for the occasion; Plunket of Killeen, and a few other Irishmen of more or less note. Landing at Foudray upon the 4th of June, they were joined by Sir Thomas Broughton and his retainers, and all marched triumphantly forward together towards Yorkshire.

They were met, however, by a crushing lack of enthusiasm. The country people stared at them, inert and apathetic. "Their snowball," in Bacon's words, "did not gather as they went." Henry, by judicious clemency, had recently won popularity in the district. Scouts stationed along the coast sent up tidings to him of all that was afoot; his army, which included the new Irish viceroy, Bedford, with Lords Oxford, Shrewsbury, and others, met Lincoln and Swart with their followers hard by the village of Stoke, about a mile from Newark-on-Trent. The fighting was severe, and lasted three hours, but force was overwhelmingly on the side of the king. The Germans fought manfully; the Irish levies too, we learn, did "right boldly and stuck to it valiantly," but all was of no avail. The Earl of Lincoln was killed; so too was Martin Swart, the German leader; so too was Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, Plunket of Killeen, and nearly all the rest of the Irish contingent. Sir Thomas Broughton, escaping from the battlefield, fell, it was said, into the Trent, and was drowned. Lord Lovel disappeared utterly from sight, and was never heard of again, tradition declaring that he had been starved dismally to death in a vault or cellar in which he had hidden himself. Poor phantom King Simnel, too, disappeared from sight, not into a cellar, but a kitchen—the royal one—whence he was destined to reappear once again, very disagreeably for his Irish supporters, as will be seen by-and-by.

Meanwhile in Dublin nothing for a long time was heard of the fate of the expedition. In what mood Geroit Mor waited for tidings cannot be known, but may be sympathetically guessed. At last they came. Blacker tidings they scarcely could have been. Ireland it seemed was not after all to give England a king! Much the contrary. The whole expedition had failed disastrously. Everything and every one was lost; Lords Lovel and Lincoln, Swart and the German mercenaries, the Irish levies, Simon the priest, his own brother, the king, all! The entire bubble in short had burst, and as he pondered over the dismal tidings Earl Gerald in the depths

of his soul must have shrewdly suspected that the bursting of it could mean nothing short of ruin to him and his.

That it ought to have meant ruin may as well candidly be admitted! A little later on it would have meant it. Rarely had attempts more audacious been made; rarely rebellion less disguised been carried on; and rarely, too, it must be added, with less immediate provocation.

What was Kildare to do? that was the question; not an easy one to answer in so extraordinary a conjunction. Distance on the whole he seems to have regarded as still his chief safeguard, and a bold front his only sound wisdom. Boldness enough he undoubtedly showed, more boldness than in so recently, and so thoroughly defeated a rebel seems easily conceivable. William Butler, one of his chief enemies, had gone to England, it was believed, to further foment the wrath of the king. In his absence Kildare levelled his manse and houses, and proclaimed him a traitor. Upon Waterford too he turned fiercely, and it was over Waterford that for some time the struggle raged hottest. Several months after the battle of Stoke we find Henry declaring in a despatch to its citizens that the Earl of Kildare with the people of Dublin still clung to their "seditious opinions;" which they "upheld and maintained presumptuously." He further authorizes the said citizens, as a proof of his trust and regard for them, to harass and pursue by land and sea all who oppose the royal will, and especially "our rebel the Earl of Kildare" (the said rebel, be it observed, being also still "our deputy") until he, "with the parties thereabouts of the sequel, utterly forsake their rebellion and contemptuous demeanor, and be of good and due obedience."

"Good and due obedience" certainly does not describe Geroit Mor's attitude at that moment! That under such circumstances retribution swift and sweeping ought to have alighted on the culprit's head seems unquestionable. Happily for him punishment meant soldiers, and soldiers meant money, and both were terribly short just then, and terribly wanted elsewhere. One extremity even Kildare's rebelliousness was plainly not prepared to go to, and that was to throw in his lot with the "Irish enemy." To do so would have meant in the long run nothing less than extinction for the Anglo-Irish interest. Little did any O or Mac in Ulster or Connaught care whether white roses or red roses were uppermost, or who reigned across the Channel. Throw over England



and you found yourself, as Kildare knew well, confronted with an entire native interest, one which, despite three centuries of intercourse and occasional intermarriage, was still absolutely antagonistic to himself and everything that he represented.

Upon the other hand, Henry, despite his fulminations, could not, as he soon found, dispense with "our rebel's" services, and upon these very odd terms of mutual interest a pact was finally made. The king agreed to pardon the earl, and even to continue him as his deputy; Kildare on the other side agreeing to take a new oath of allegiance; to abstain from similar transgressions in the future; and to cross over within twelve months to England, there to make his submission in person.

The better to ratify this pact, and make all safe and sure, Henry determined to send over the comptroller of his household, Sir Richard Edgecombe, as his Irish commissioner and representative.\* This was a part of the programme anything but acceptable to the proud taste of Geroit Mor. To await the commissioner's arrival, to receive him upon the shore, to squire him through the streets of Dublin — those streets which had recently seen such a very different pageant — was not a part which he at all saw himself performing! Hence that sudden access of piety which we have already seen; hence the determination to let the commissioner and his train arrive ungraced by his presence; hence that very leisurely progression over the Meath pastures upon that July afternoon just four centuries ago!

Sir Richard Edgecombe meanwhile had sailed upon the 23rd of June, starting from Mount's Bay in Cornwall in a ship called the Anne of Fowey, with a convoy of three smaller vessels, the whole carrying some five hundred soldiers. The south of Ireland having been least affected by the Simnel rebellion, for the south therefore he made. Arrived at Kinsale he was met on board ship by the Lord Barry, the port-reve and commonalty of the town coming out to meet him at the landing-place. After Kinsale followed Waterford. Here the citizens flocked enthusiastically to the shore to welcome him; loyal citizens, flushed with the king's praise, and proud of the exceptional powers recently conferred upon them. When, however, they learned that — far from losing his head, as

in all propriety he ought to have done — the Earl of Kildare was to be reinstated in his powers; was still to be lord deputy, free to wreak his vengeance upon his enemies how and when he would; then, indeed, there arose such a wailing as never before was heard in Waterford. Was *this* how it was to be? Was *this* the end of all their so much-praised activity and virtue? If Kildare was not to be punished, but was to escape scot free, what, oh what! they asked was to become of them, the loyal and patriotic citizens of Waterford? Surely so soon as that merciless persecutor should have time to spare, and the English commissioner should have retired, that instant he would fall upon them and feed fat the grudge so long nourished. Poor loyal citizens! fallen "betwixt the pass and fell incensed points" of two such opposites, your fate is indeed hard!

Sir Richard appears to have offered what consolation he could, but it did not amount to much. He promised that Kildare should be bound with the strictest oaths that could be framed to abstain from avenging himself or molesting them in any way; promises over which the mayor and council doubtless shook their heads, little believing that such flimsy stuff would avail them anything when Geroit Mor's blood was roused, and his hand raised to strike; ruefully reflecting too upon the fate predicted for those who put their faith in kings, a text upon which they had further opportunities, it may be observed, of meditating ere many more years had gone over their heads.

With the easy indifference of an official, undisturbed by local troubles, Sir Richard pursued his way to Dublin. Being met by "contraryous wind," with "gret pain and peril" he succeeded in reaching Malahide, first casting anchor for a while at Lambay Island. Before he had set foot on shore the news of the deputy's absence reached him. Needless to say, it was a terrible offence! Absent, and at such a moment? For what reason? With what absolute and peremptory necessity? Upon a pious pilgrimage, it was explained; the Earl of Kildare, as all men knew, was a very religious nobleman. Sir Richard was forced — the days of pious pilgrimages not being yet over — to stomach his wrath as best he might and digest so dire and so unendurably public a sight. Little else was there for him to digest, poor man! and this was an additional offence. To arrive spent, sore, sea-sick, buffeted by contrary winds and to find *this* sort

\* For full particulars see "The Voyage of Sir Richard Edgecombe, Kt., sent by the King's Grace into Ireland." Printed in the *Hibernica*, Dublin, 1747, p. 26.

of greeting! to be received with *this* sort of welcome! Yet there are those who pretend that Ireland is a hospitable country!

Fortunately some one was at hand to in some measure come to the rescue of its imperilled honor. "The Ladye of Sir Peter Talbot," one of the long-established Talbotts of Malahide, took pity upon the king's commissioner, brought him to her house, fed, and comforted him. Next day, or the next but one, for authorities vary at this point, accompanied by Payne, the Bishop of Meath, and a few other notables hastily gathered together, Sir Richard rode into Dublin, where he was received by the mayor and principal citizens, who accompanied him to the Dominican Friary, where he was to take up his quarters during his temporary stay. Up and down the narrow, crooked streets of Dublin the cavalcade passed at a trot, the people running out in all directions to their doors to see the great English commissioner, who had arrived, armed with unheard-of pardons and other mysterious powers from the king. Comforted by the good offices of Sir Peter Talbot's lady, the party no doubt presented a sufficiently gallant appearance; but the chief figure, the one to which all eyes in Dublin turned instinctively on these occasions, was conspicuous only by its absence. There was no sign of the Earl of Kildare. He neither appeared, nor yet did he write, or send, or give the slightest indication of being aware that anything in the least unusual or interesting was afoot!

Five days that unfortunate Sir Richard remained nursing his wrath amongst the Dominicans—"to his gret costs and chargis," as he specially insisted that the king should be informed; fuming at his own helplessness, and fruitlessly chewing the cud of his impatience. Never since royal commissioners were invented had one been treated in so scurvy a fashion! If he did not burn to convert the parchments of which he was the bearer into royal warrants for hanging and quartering instead of royal warrants for pardoning, he must have been more than mortal; if his thoughts did not turn with some sympathy to the lightly dismissed citizens left behind him at Waterford, he must have been wanting in the very elements of brotherly feeling. What doubled his wrath too, no doubt, was the consciousness of his own helplessness. Fume as he would, nothing could be done till the deputy chose to return. Despite of all that had occurred, Geroit Mor was still

the king's representative in Ireland, and, if he insisted upon visiting shrines and saying his prayers till Christmas, there Sir Richard must sit and devour his impatience amongst the Dominicans until he came back.

At last, upon the 12th of July, the Earl of Kildare came riding quietly into Dublin, arriving, as he had probably always intended to do, just about a week late!

The first meeting that succeeded these unusual preliminaries was not exactly cordial. Followed by two hundred horsemen, the earl reached his usual Dublin residence of St. Thomas's Abbey, or, as it was then called, Thomas Court. Here, as soon as he had shaken off the dust of his journey, he despatched the ever-active Bishop of Meath, accompanied by Lord Slane and others, to summon the king's commissioner into his presence. Arrived at Thomas Court, Sir Richard was received in the "great chamber of the Abbey," Lord Nugent de Courcy, Lord Plunket, and others of the Council—all, it will be remembered, enthusiastic supporters of the late King Simnel—being present, standing by, making bows and other signals of politeness. At last the king's commissioner and the king's deputy were face to face!

Not many signals of politeness did poor Sir Richard make, and who shall blame him? He delivered the king's letters to the earl, we are expressly told, "with no Reverence or courtesy," and made a short speech "not without Bitternesse." Bitterness, indeed, it were hard to deny you, Sir Richard, after such unexampled slights and injuries, not to speak of the "gret costs and chargis" suffered at the hands of those unconscionable Dominicans. The poor man's troubles, too, being far from over, might, in fact, be said to be only then beginning. No business was to be proceeded with he found upon that day, the whole meeting being of a purely illusory and ceremonious character. Certain of the lords of the council it was explained were absent; consequently everything must be deferred till they arrived. The next day was Sunday, and Sir Richard and the deputy went together to Christ Church, the church where, as the reader it is to be hoped has not forgotten, Simnel was crowned little over a year before. On this occasion again the sermon was preached by "the Lord Bushopp of Meath." Indefatigable Bishop of Meath! One would like to have a chance of comparing those two sermons of yours, better still of knowing what you thought of as you

glanced down from the same pulpit upon so nearly the same congregation. Surely the mutabilities of life have rarely presented themselves in more striking or less edifying guise.

Of course the serious part of the business was how the new oaths of allegiance were to be made more binding than the old ones had been, and it was over this point that the struggle was now to come. Earl Gerald had arrived in Dublin upon the 12th of July, the sermon at Christ Church was preached upon the 13th, and upon the next day, Monday, it was understood that he and the other lords of the council were to take oath before the commissioner to become again "the King's true Subjets," to be bound over in as "good Surety as culd be devised by the Laws" and to receive in return their pardons. On Monday, however, the members of the Council discovered that it was absolutely impossible for them to take the oath upon that day. It would be advisable, too, for many reasons, so the deputy informed the commissioner, that the oaths should be taken at Maynooth Castle, rather than in Dublin. It was a more convenient spot for some of the more distant members to come to; in short, it was better in every way.

Sir Richard remonstrated vehemently against this arrangement, but Geroit Mor was not to be withstood. It was indispensable that he should go to Maynooth himself he said, and it was equally indispensable that Sir Richard should go there with him as his guest. It went to his honor that the king's chamberlain and high commissioner should lodge under any roof but his own, and at Thomas Court there was unfortunately no provision for such distinguished guests. In vain Sir Richard protested against this somewhat belated hospitality; in vain pointed out that Dublin, and not Maynooth, was supposed to be the seat of the Irish government, and that it was there consequently that the oaths ought to be taken. He might have spared his breath. Kildare's mind was made up, and the rest of the world had nothing to do but to obey. All the lords of the council were hastily getting upon their horses, and starting across the fields to Maynooth. No fear of overcrowding, no matter how many guests or attendants of guests might choose to present themselves at the door of Geroit Mor's great keep.

The irregularity of the whole proceeding was enough to turn any courtier's hair grey, but there was no help for it, and

away the king's commissioner had to go, carrying his pardons and other royal gear along with him. At least the Dominicans were left behind, and that must have been some slight consolation to him!

As may be imagined, the road between Thomas Court and Maynooth Castle was a pretty well frequented one in those days. The town and castle were only about a dozen miles apart, and there was a fair enough road in summer time if you chose to keep to it, and at all times a pleasant green plain to ride over, with probably fewer "impidiments," and less scientific ones than at present. Together, then, with all the appearance of perfect amity rode the earl and commissioner, followed by their respective trains, and in a short time the fires in Maynooth Castle were blazing, the air above it blackening with smoke, the boards spread, and Sir Richard was being regaled, as he himself admitted, with much "righte good Cheer." This was upon the 14th of July, and upon the 15th we have again the satisfaction of knowing that Sir Richard "had gret Cheer of the Erle." The lords and other members of the Council were by this time also all at Maynooth, and they and Kildare "had gret Communications among themselves." Beyond this nothing, however, was done, always excepting the continual consumption of more good cheer. As to the main business of the expedition, namely, the signing of the bond proposed by Sir Richard, no one was one whit nearer to that than before. So the fifteenth and the sixteenth passed. Upon the seventeenth, the unfortunate commissioner's patience fairly boiled over. Would they sign it or would they not, he wanted to know, speaking "with righte fell and angry Words." Upon the afternoon of the same day, he again, we learn, told them "righte plainly and sharply of their unfitting Demeaning," whereupon the whole party got upon their horses and rode back to Dublin, having so far achieved absolutely nothing. Next day, the eighteenth, matters came to a climax. The members of the Council's minds were now thoroughly made up. They would *not* sign the bond, so they told Sir Richard plainly. They were sorry to displease him, but it was out of the question. Anything in reason they were willing to do, but not this, and that for an excellent reason; if they did, all their estates would be forfeited to the king upon the next little occasion of the same kind. The commissioner expostulated, threatened them with his master's anger, but they stood firm.

They were ready, they said, to take oath to become the king's true lieges; ready to be bound over "in good Sureties," such as he might approve of, but sign such a bond they would *not*. Rather than that they would prefer, they solemnly protested, to become "Irish, every one of them."

This singular threat seems to have settled the matter. Sir Richard found himself forced to give in. Perhaps he had received private instructions that he might do so if he found the particular point impossible to carry. In any case he now drew up such a form of oath as he considered to be most binding under the circumstances, and sent it to the lords for their approval. This was upon the nineteenth; on the twentieth it was agreed to, and on the next day the whole party met in council at Thomas Court in the "King's Chamber." Here the Earl of Kildare went through the necessary form of homage to Sir Richard Edgecombe as representing the king, the other lords following suit. A gold chain, "the Collar of the King's Livery," was laid upon the earl's neck, and retiring to another chamber mass was said, Sir Richard, fearing some anti-English hocus-pocus, being careful to have the elements consecrated by his own chaplain. Full details are given us of how the Earl of Kildare extended his right hand over the patten upon which the host was laid in "thre Partes," and, so holding it, swore allegiance to King Henry; the prelates and secular lords present each individually performing the same ceremony in precisely the same manner. After this the whole party adjourned to the church of the monastery, where a *Te Deum* was said, the bells of the church rung, "and the Choir with the Organs sung it up solemnly." The ceremony wound up by a dinner given by Sir Richard at his friary.

Thankful, no doubt, to have got the matter over on any terms, the commissioner rode away next day to Drogheda, from whence he returned upon the twenty-eighth, and on the twenty-ninth Kildare handed in his certificate of allegiance duly signed and witnessed, and received in return the king's pardon under the Great Seal. This was the last act. Reconciliation and universal loyalty were now supposed to have settled down again for good upon Ireland. Of all who had taken part in the late Simnel rising only one culprit was refused forgiveness—Keating, the prior of Kilmainham—whose offences seem for some reason to have been regarded as peculiarly heinous, though it is

difficult to see how he can have steeped himself much deeper in treason than the rest of his neighbors.

Eager to escape further delay Sir Richard rode off the same day to Dalkey, where his ships were lying at anchor awaiting his arrival. Delay, however, was to be his portion as long as he was upon Irish shores. The winds were again "contraryous," and he had to remain where he was for nearly the whole of another week. At last he insisted upon sailing, and after eight days of cruel tossing and "perillous jeopardies" landed once more at Fowey. Here, perhaps by way of thanksgiving for having ever returned at all, perhaps by way of penance for all the hard things he had recently said against shrines, he too went a pilgrimaging to the "Chappell of Saint Saviour," at that time the most highly reputed of all Cornish shrines. And so the year-long tragi-comedy of rebellion and pardon came at last to an end. EMILY LAWLESS.

From Belgravia.

#### MME. DE CHEVREUSE.

"WE have in France three women capable of governing or of overthrowing three great kingdoms," wrote Cardinal Mazarin in 1660, "and these are the Duchesse de Longueville, the Princesse Palatine, and the Duchesse de Chevreuse."

It is the career of the latter that I propose to sketch briefly in these pages.

Marie de Rohan, eldest daughter of the Duc de Montbazou, was born in 1600, and married at seventeen the Duc de Luynes, constable of France. It was not, however, until after her second marriage—in 1622—with Claude de Lorraine, Duc de Chevreuse, a son of Henri de Guise, that she became a prominent character in history.

The Duc de Chevreuse was good-looking and valiant—as became a prince of the house of Lorraine—but "sans nul ordre dans ses affaires, et bien peu édifant dans ses mœurs," and these faults, according to the morality of the times, were deemed sufficient to condone any shortcomings in the conduct of his wife.

Mme. de Chevreuse was beautiful. All her contemporaries agree on that point. She had a ravishing figure, a charming face with large blue eyes and a quantity of light, chestnut-colored hair. In manner she was by turns gentle and vivacious.

Immediately on being appointed *sur-intendante de la maison* to the queen,

Anne of Austria and the duchesse became fast friends. They were about the same age; and the young queen, neglected by her husband, found pleasant distraction with her lively friend.

The court of Louis XIII. was then a brilliant one, and gallantry the order of the day. The amusements of the queen and Marie de Rohan soon became less frivolous and assumed a serious aspect.

In 1624 the celebrated Lord Holland arrived from England to negotiate a marriage between the king's sister, Mme. Henrietta, and the Prince of Wales (soon afterwards Charles I.).

My lord of Holland was young and remarkably handsome—Rochefoucauld says, "un des plus beaux hommes du monde mais d'une beauté efféminée." He became *épris* with the beautiful duchesse, and the attraction appears to have been mutual. He interested her in English affairs, and from that moment may be dated her *début* in love and politics. At the same time commenced the well-known intrigue between the queen and Buckingham.

Mme. de Chevreuse possessed *almost* every qualification requisite to make her a great politician, but the one lacking was enough to ruin all the rest; she did not take a just aim; or rather, she never chose one for herself. It was always chosen for her by another—and that other invariably the man she loved. Rochefoucauld accuses her of bringing misfortune to all her friends; and it is no doubt true that they were hastened to their end through the mad enterprises in which they engaged.

The court of Monsieur (the king's brother) was a hotbed of intrigues against Richelieu, who designated that in which Chalais was concerned "the most frightful conspiracy ever recorded in history."

Henri de Tallyrand, Prince de Chalais, had an extraordinary attachment to Mme. de Chevreuse. He was accused of conspiring against the life of the king, and persuading Monsieur to break off his marriage with Mlle. de Montpensier in order that he might marry the queen as soon as he ascended the throne. Richelieu so far succeeded in convincing the king of this plot, that not only did Louis XIII. abandon Chalais as later he abandoned Cinq-Mars, but for the rest of his life he remained persuaded that the queen had a hand in the affair.

Chalais suffered on the first scaffold erected by Richelieu's commands; Monsieur escaped by wedding Mlle. de Montpensier; the queen fell into deeper

disgrace than ever, while Mme. de Chevreuse—meanly denounced by the Duc d'Orléans and even by Chalais himself—was ordered to quit France, because Richelieu said "elle faisait plus de mal que personne." Thus she learned to her cost what it was to love a queen too well! She wished to go to England, where she was certain of the support of Holland, of Buckingham, and of Charles I. But this was denied her; imprisonment was threatened, and her husband with difficulty obtained permission for her to retire to Lorraine.

Instead of arriving there as a refugee the beautiful duchesse was received with magnificent triumph. She dazzled, fascinated, and won the heart of the impetuous and adventurous Charles IV. She found him siding with Austrian interests; she bound him to those of England. She cemented relations with Savoy, thus establishing a European league, to which she gave the support of the Protestant party, governed by her relations the Rohans and the Soubises.

The plot was serious. An English fleet conducted by Buckingham himself was to proceed to the isle of Ré and combine with the Protestants of La Rochelle; the Duc de Savoie to make a descent on Dauphiné and Provence; the Duc de Rohan at the head of the Reformers to raise insurrection in Languedoc; the Duc de Lorraine to march on Paris.

The chief agent in this plot, charged with carrying orders to all concerned was Lord Montagu, a friend of Holland and of Buckingham, who also had succumbed to the charms of Mme. de Chevreuse. Richelieu, warned by his secret police, watched the movements of Montagu; had him arrested and his papers seized; the whole conspiracy was discovered, and the coalition, thanks to the cleverness of the cardinal, dissolved.

England on demanding peace, named among the most pressing conditions that the beautiful exile must return to France.

Marie de Rohan reappeared at court, and there came a few years of calm in her stormy life. She was not yet thirty, and "il était difficile de la voir impunément." Even Richelieu was not insensible to her charms. Mme. de Motteville says: "Ce ministre, malgré la rigueur qu'il avait eu pour elle, ne l'avait jamais haïe, sa beauté avait eu des charmes pour lui," etc.

But Mme. de Chevreuse preferred one of his ministers to the cardinal. She conquered him with a look, and did so, avowedly, on behalf of the queen and the



malcontents. This minister was Charles de l'Aubépine, Marquis de Châteauneuf, *garde des sceaux*.

Châteauneuf was fifty years of age when he conceived his fatal passion for the duchesse, and she shared to the full all the dangers and misfortunes attending it.

Richelieu was quick to perceive a change in his hitherto faithful keeper of the seals.

Once, when he was ill, and believed himself at the point of death, the queen gave a ball, and Châteauneuf attended it and danced. This irritated his Eminence to such a degree that shortly afterwards (1633) the keeper of the seals was arrested and his papers seized. Among these were fifty-two letters in the writing of Mme. de Chevreuse, which rendered the relations between Châteauneuf and the duchesse sufficiently apparent. There were also letters from the Chevalier de Jars, Lords Holland and Montagu, the Duc de Vendôme and the queen of England herself. The papers were brought to the cardinal, who kept them; after his death they were discovered in his private desk.

The letters from Mme. de Chevreuse show that Richelieu was jealous of Châteauneuf, and the latter alarmed by the part played by the duchesse to hoodwink the cardinal. Here is a short specimen with the original ciphers:—

“La tyrannie de 22 (Richelieu) s'augmente de momens en momens. Il peste et enrage de ce que 28 (herself) ne le va pas voir. Je lui avais écrit deux fois avec des compliments dont il est indigne, ce que je ne lui eusse jamais rendu sans la persécution que 57 (unknown) m'a faite pour cela, me disant que c'était acheter le repos. Je crois que les faveurs de 23 (the king) ont mis au dernier point sa presumption . . . 28 aime mieux se résoudre à périr qu'à faire ses soumissions à 22. Sa gloire m'est odieuse. . . C'est 38 (Châteauneuf) veut que je veux qui sache ceci. J'estime tant le courage et l'affection de 38 que je veux qu'il sache tous les intérêts de 28. Elle se fie si entièrement en 38 qu'elle tient ses intérêts aussi chers entre ses mains qu'aux siennes. . . Mandez-moi comment je vous pourrai voir sans que 22 le sache, car je ferai tout ce que vous pigerez à propos pour cela souhaitant passionnément de vous entretenir, et ayant bien des choses à vous dire qui ne ve peuvent pas bien expliquer par écrit, surtout touchant 22, l'ayant vu ce soir et trouvé plus résolu à persécuter 28 que jamais. Adieu, il faut que je vous voye à

quelque prix que ce soit. Faites-moi réponse, et prenez garde à 22, car il épie 28 et 38, en qui 28 se fie comme à elle-même.”

What must have been the feelings of the superb and imperious cardinal when he discovered how he had been played with by a woman and betrayed by a friend!

De Jars, after being thrown into the Bastille and condemned to be beheaded, received pardon as he was about to mount the scaffold. Châteauneuf was imprisoned ten years in the fortress of Angoulême; while Mme. de Chevreuse simply received the cardinal's orders to retire to Dampierre.

But the queen could not do without her dear friend, nor she without the queen. Many an evening in the darkening twilight Mme. de Chevreuse travelled disguised to Paris to meet the queen at the Louvre or at the convent of Val-de-Grâce, returning in the middle of the night to Dampierre.

When at last these visits were suspected the brave, faithful friend of Anne of Austria was banished to Touraine, an estate that belonged to her first husband; and it was believed that for a time at least these intrigues of politics and love would cease.

It was but a tame kind of diversion to turn the head of the old Archbishop of Tours! But madame also consoled herself with the visits of the young and amiable La Rochefoucauld and the letters from the queen. She spent four long years in Touraine, occupying her energies in knitting together a mysterious correspondence between the queen, Charles IV., the queen of England, and the king of Spain.

But the police spies of the suspicious cardinal again discovered everything. Once more there was an inquiry, and the queen forbidden to write to Mme. de Chevreuse. “Parceque ce prétexte,” said the king, “a été couverture de toutes les écritures que la reine a faites ailleurs.” Clearly it was always Mme. de Chevreuse whom the king and the cardinal considered the prime mover in evil, and they did not believe themselves sure of the queen until they had separated her from her dangerous friend. But what was to be done with this enemy to peace? Was she to be again expelled from France? If so, what new and unforeseen entanglements might not ensue!

The cardinal proposed to temporize. He tried cajolery; but the duchesse returned with interest his protestations of friendship, while in her heart she mis-

trusted him. He sent her money; she took it, though only as a loan.

But a profound mistrust of the intentions of Richelieu and the king pushed Mme. de Chevreuse to an extreme course. She preferred exiling herself this time rather than risk falling into the hands of her enemies, and she fled from Touraine to Spain, across the south of France.

Her sole confidant in this was her aged adorer, the Archbishop of Tours, Bertrand de Chaux. He had relations on the frontier, and gave her letters of credit with all necessary instructions and plans of the roads she should take; but in her hurried flight she forgot all. She set off on September 6th, 1637, in a carriage as though going for a drive; then, at nine in the evening returned disguised as a man, mounted a horse, and after riding hard for six leagues, found herself without letters, guide-books, or any of the necessities of a journey, followed only by two grooms. She was unable to change horses all night, and next day arrived, without an hour's rest, at Ruffec, where lived La Rochefoucauld. Instead of asking him for shelter, she wrote the following note:—

"Monsieur, je suis un gentilhomme français et demande vos services pour ma liberté et peut-être pour ma vie. Je me suis malheureusement battu. J'ai tué un seigneur de marque. Cela me force de quitter France promptement, parce qu'on me cherche. Je vous crois assez généreux pour me servir sans me connaître. J'ai besoin d'un carrosse et de quelque valet pour me servir."

She received what she asked for. The carriage was a great help, she was exhausted by fatigue. She was driven to another house belonging to La Rochefoucauld, where she arrived at midnight, and leaving there the carriage and servants proceeded on horseback towards the Spanish frontier.

At night she occasionally slept on hay or straw in a barn, and had scarcely any food. Equally beautiful and seductive in male attire as she had been in her brilliant costumes of *grande dame* she met with many admirers during her adventurous ride, and is said to have made as many conquests as in the salons of the Louvre.

On one occasion she encountered a dozen horsemen commanded by the Marquis d'Antin, and had to go out of her road to avoid being recognized. Another time in a valley of the Pyrénées a gentleman who had seen her in Paris told her he would have taken her for Mme. de Chevreuse had she been dressed in differ-

ent fashion—and the handsome unknown got out of the difficulty by replying that being a relative of that lady it was natural enough to resemble her. Her courage and gaiety never for one moment abandoned her. In answer to some, she said with a mysterious air, that she was the Duc d'Enghien on a secret mission from the king. At last she reached Spain, after enduring unheard-of fatigue and escaping a thousand perils. But before crossing the frontier she wrote to the gentleman whom she had met in the Pyrénées confessing that he had not been mistaken, that she was in truth Mme. de Chevreuse, and that "ayant trouvé en lui une civilité extraordinaire, elle prenait la liberté de le prier de lui procurer des étoffes pour se vertir conformément à son sexe et à sa condition."

This appeal was not made in vain. She had sent all her jewels to the care of La Rochefoucauld, and entered Spain taking nothing with her but her incomparable beauty, wit, and courage.

While the king and cardinal, baffled in their attempts to track the fugitive, were seriously contemplating the advisability of politely inviting her back to France, the king of Spain was giving Mme. de Chevreuse a magnificent welcome in Madrid; and the name of Philip IV. may safely be added to the list of her conquests. He placed at her disposal carriages drawn by six horses; loaded her with marks of honor; her opinions had weight in the cabinet councils of Madrid. But war breaking out between the two countries began to render the situation a little too delicate, and in 1638 she left Spain for England.

Mme. de Chevreuse was received and treated in London as she had been in Madrid. She found there her earliest lover, Lord Holland; Lord Montague and many others paid court to her. The king and queen, charmed with her, both wrote to Louis XIII. on her behalf, which resulted in renewed negotiations between Richelieu and herself.

It is curious to see by their correspondence how, during more than a year, the cardinal and the duchess employed every manœuvre of the finest diplomacy, and exhausted their consummate cleverness in persuading each other to draw towards the common end both had in view!

At length everything seemed arranged. Mme. de Chevreuse had said farewell to the queen of England; a vessel was ready to take her to Dieppe, when she received a letter warning her not to return to

France. This was followed by others. Private messengers also came to her, with advice to the same effect. Then heart-sick with hope deferred she wrote to her husband in these words:—

"Je desire bien vivement me voir en France en état de remédier à nos affaires, et de vivre doucement avec vous et mes enfans."

But Mme. de Chevreuse did not go.

In 1641 we find her in Brussels acting as a link between England, Spain, and Lorraine. Though not generally known it can be proved that she took part in the conspiracy of the Comte de Soissons against Richelieu. France and Europe were in the attempt, but it ended in the death of Soissons, and once more the cardinal's power rose supreme.

Anne of Austria went with the times. Finding the plot miscarry she openly expressed her horror of it, and far from interceding on behalf of her old friend and favorite, begged as a particular favor that the duchess might be kept away from her person, and indeed from France.

Here, then, was Mme. de Chevreuse fallen to the lowest depth of misfortune. Farther off than ever seemed the hope of revisiting her country, her beautiful castle at Dampierre, the domestic life with her children for which she had begun to long. She was at the end of her resources, and passed many months of misery with only her indomitable courage as support.

Suddenly on the 4th December, 1642, the dreaded cardinal—victorious over all his enemies, absolute master of the king and queen—succumbed to the fiat of a higher power. Louis XIII. was not long in following him; and, as though the shade of the cardinal were influencing the king even on his death-bed, before expiring he added two extraordinary clauses to his will, dated 20th April. These were to the effect that Châteauneuf must be kept in prison, and Mme. de Chevreuse—whom up to the last he called *le Diable*—must remain in banishment.

A few days later the same parliament that had registered the declaration of 20th April, abolished it; Châteauneuf came out of prison, and Mme. de Chevreuse left Brussels in triumph to return to France.

Mme. de Chevreuse was now forty-three and her beauty was beginning to wane. But she had gained political experience; she had known the most celebrated statesmen in Europe; she had visited almost every court.

More ambitious for her friends than for herself, she saw them already recom-

pensed for their long services, replacing everywhere the creatures of Richelieu, and at their head as prime minister the man who had suffered in prison ten years.

The duchesse returned, believing she would re-enter the Louvre carrying all before her. She was mistaken, for the queen was changed. The latter now feared her former friend as much as she had loved her. She had fallen a victim to the influence of the handsome and insinuating Mazarin, of whom the king had once prophetically said to her: "Il vous plaira, madame, parce qu'il ressemble à Buckingham." *Mais c'était Buckingham avec un autre génie.*

Mazarin held the same opinion of Mme. de Chevreuse as Charles XIII. and Richelieu had held, and felt that in the heart of Anne there was not room for her and for himself; therefore he persuaded the queen that by loading her former favorite with wealth and honors she would sufficiently discharge her debt of gratitude.

The first attempt of Mme. de Chevreuse was to restore Châteauneuf to power,\* but the clever duchess saw a hard fight before her, and not daring to attack Mazarin directly, set herself to undermine slowly the ground around him and prepare his ruin.

While closely following the intrigues of madame and the cardinal, it is difficult to say which showed most ability and skill. La Rochefoucauld paints admirably the commencement and progress of this curious struggle. He says: "Dans ces premiers temps ils étaient en coquetterie l'un avec l'autre." Later, the cardinal, beginning to feel himself surrounded by assassins, was convinced that they had Mme. de Chevreuse at their head. And he was right.

On the 2nd September, 1643, Paris resounded with the news of the frustrated attempt to murder Mazarin between the Louvre and the Hôtel de Clèves.

Five of the conspirators fled. Had the duchesse done so, it would have been to denounce herself. The queen professed to believe her innocent, but nevertheless desired her to go for a time to Dampierre. While there, instead of remaining quiet, she moved heaven and earth to save those who were compromised with her, sending money and help to all, continuing also her political machinations. Under shelter of the English ambassador, Lord Goring, an

\* Châteauneuf had to wait long; but he did not die without enjoying, for a brief space, that power which a mad love had lost him, and which a faithful and indefatigable friendship at length restored.—V. COUSIN.

immense correspondence was established between Mme. de Chevreuse, Vendôme, Bouillon, and all the malcontents. But Mazarin discovered it and gave orders for the duchesse to be imprisoned in the fortress of Angoulême. She narrowly escaped by flying once more into voluntary exile.

But this time all was changed; her youth and beauty, which had made so many conquests, were departing. Accompanied by her daughter Charlotte, she reached Saint-Malo, embarking there in midwinter on a little ship which was to take her to Dartmouth in England; but Cromwell's men-of-war met and took the miserable barque to the Isle of Wight. There Mme. de Chevreuse was recognized, and as she was known to be a friend of the queen of England, they were near treating her badly and delivering her up to Mazarin. Fortunately, she discovered in the governor of the island her old friend, the Earl of Pembroke; from him she received passports, and proceeded on her way.

For a time she settled at Liège, and strengthened an alliance—as the last resort of her party—between the Duc de Lorraine, Austria, and Spain. The odds were against her; but her ascendancy over Charles IV. originating in a love which proved stronger than any of the newer loves of this inconstant prince, enabled her to frustrate the projects of Mazarin.

It is impossible in this brief sketch to follow her step by step in the labyrinthine intrigues of the Fronde. Suffice it to say she played a first part. Deeply attached to her party and to its essential interests, she steered it clear of rocks with incomparable skill and vigor.

In 1650, she supported the side of Mazarin against Condé. Her political instinct taught her that after so many agitations a solid and lasting power was most desirable for France. Mazarin, who like Richelieu had never opposed her but with regret, now courted her and was often glad to follow her counsels. She took her stand proudly by the side of royalty; she served it and made use of it by turns. All that she desired was now obtainable for herself and for her party. She reached the highest summit of credit and consideration; and thus ended in profound peace one of the most agitated and eventful careers of the seventeenth century.

It is said of her that in her later days she turned her eyes towards heaven; they had grown weary with the things of earth.

After seeing all whom she loved and

hated perish, the exalted duchesse became the humblest of women. She left her magnificent hotel in the faubourg Saint-Germain, and retired to the country; not to Dampierre, the scene of so many former splendors, but to a small house at Gagny, near Chelles. She was interred in the little old church of Gagny.

There, in the centre aisle, near the chapel of the Virgin, a faithful and unknown hand has added this epitaph to the black marble that bears her name:—

"L'humilité ayant fait mourir dans son cœur toute la grandeur du siècle, elle défendit que l'on fit revivre à sa mort la moindre marque de cette grandeur qu'elle voulut achever d'ensevelir sous la simplicité de cette tombe, ayant ordonné qu'on l'enterrât dans la paroisse de Gagny, où elle est morte à l'âge de soixante-dix-neuf ans, le 12 Août, 1679."

E. M. DAVY.

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From The Westminster Review.  
HOUSEKEEPING TROUBLES IN THE  
AUSTRALIAN COLONIES.

IN England the problem of housekeeping is whittled down, for most of us, to a mere question of how to make a little go a long way. That is often a difficult enough issue to solve in daily life, but it is the one that circumstances force most prominently into notice, transcending all others in degree in the experience of the average housekeeper. In the Australian colonies the important consideration of ways and means cannot be ignored by the mass of humanity, any more than it can be here; but, by comparison, it is there a side issue, easily outdistanced by the far greater trouble of "servants." Below a certain grade of society people have to settle the difficulty by doing without servants for most of their domestic offices; a necessity which takes the gilt off the gingerbread of existence in many small households of comfortable means. Above a certain line servants must, of course, be had; yet, however indispensable they may be, it is not unusual to hear people who are most dependent on them most sincere in their wish to be able to do without them. That this is no mere conventional wail, but an active feeling that finds expression in practice, is evident from the fact that, even in the largest town houses, where the saving of expense is no object, the number of servants is reduced to the lowest possible limit. For any house of

the more pretentious order, that does not aspire to the dignity of a palace, the almost invariable supply of servants consists of three, namely, a cook, a parlormaid, and a housemaid. Of these the cook is naturally the dominant power, and asserts a stern supremacy over the entire household. She "knows her place," unfortunately for her master and mistress, for in the phrase is implied her knowledge of the difficulty of replacing her. Her feelings, however unreasonable and capricious, must be delicately considered in every emergency; and her complete realization of this crucial element in the situation not unfrequently makes her particularly "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Nevertheless, to her exactions a blind eye must be deftly turned. Her crudities in the exercise of her art must be submitted to with a graceful surrender of the right of free speech, and her indiscretions, culinary and otherwise, must be systematically winked at. If ruffled in temper—and worse, in dignity—her position gives her extraordinary powers of reprisal. For example, if crossed in temper, she may upset the most deeply organized scheme for a social gathering, whose success depends on her exertions, by making it the occasion for an "outing." Such a temporary resignation of her professional functions must always enter into the calculations of any prudent mistress; and, as the event grows imminent, the cook must be insidiously approached with even more than usually pronounced demonstrations of affectionate confidence. Sudden escapades of indignation on her part, no matter how injurious to crockery, must be regarded with well-simulated indifference; outward and visible signs of undue hilarity or sulkiness, palpably connected with illicit raids on wine and spirit decanters, must be skilfully ignored, and ebullitions of impertinence, with a marked tendency to overt acts of insubordination, must be diplomatically hailed as laudable indications of an independent spirit. In a lesser degree, and subject to some extent to the initiative of the cook, the two maids can tyrannize over a household almost as effectively as the cook herself. They too, as a rule, have grasped the full meaning of the want of proportion between supply and demand in the matter of domestic servants. Of course the difficulties of a mistress with her servants vary directly as the distance of her house from a large centre of population. On a station far away in the bush where there are ladies resident, the loss of a servant is

temporarily irremediable, and the bare possibility of it is canvassed with bated breath as a calamity to be avoided at all risks. Ingenious efforts are sometimes made to instil fancies for the unmarried male hands on the station into the breasts of the servants, with a view to a permanent settlement. Therein, it may be thought, lies the best chance of keeping an abigail attached to the premises. But this policy has its drawbacks, more particularly when successful. No doubt there are good servants as well as bad, both up country and in the big towns, and possibly the former preponderate on the whole; but the standard of excellence in domestic service is far less exacting than it is in England. Economic laws *will* have their own way.

Some half-a-dozen years ago I went out to Melbourne on a visit to a near relative, whom I will call Mrs. Robinson, and who lived with her daughters in a house in South Yarra, a suburb of Melbourne. Mrs. Robinson had returned from a trip to England a little before the date of my own arrival, and had only just plunged into the sea of housekeeping troubles, so I was well in at the start. She had got together, as servants, a decidedly neat-handed Phyllis, of prepossessing appearance for parlormaid, a creditable specimen of her kind for housemaid, and a sleek, fat cook. They had been forewarned that there would be late dinner on Sundays, and manifested no objection to fall in with the arrangement. For a while all went well. The new brooms swept smartly; and, if there was a slight downward tendency after the first week, we had sufficient tact not to notice it in a hostile spirit. At the end of the month came a catastrophe. The cook struck against the Sunday diners; and, refusing to be comforted by offers of a compromise from hot dishes to cold, gave immediate notice of resignation. The parlormaid also complained of the late dinners, and, further, announced her intention of getting married without delay. So she, too, gave notice on the spot. The housemaid manifested alarming symptoms of discontent, but was ultimately appeased by the prospect of succeeding to the parlormaid's place and emoluments. In the course of the ensuing month Mrs. Robinson's time was almost completely taken up with visits to various registry offices, where she was received civilly enough, but as a suppliant for a favor which would only be accorded on her furnishing a satisfactory record for herself rather than as an employer of



labor. The servants to whom she was introduced cross-examined her severely as to her methods of housekeeping and reasons for being under the necessity of looking out for new servants, while they resented inquiries into their own previous history, or, at best, only tolerated them. After much delay and diplomacy she discovered a tall, Spanish-looking woman of Irish birth, who consented to come to her as cook. She was in despair about a parlormaid, and was sitting in a registry office one day expatiating on her housekeeping sorrows—as ladies will do in all countries under the sun—to a well-dressed listener seated by her side, when the latter, to Mrs. Robinson's amazement, suggested herself as being possibly willing to take the place. She had heard of Mrs. Robinson, she intimated, and had no particular objections to find with her. A treaty was then and there ratified, amid many appreciative smiles and nods on both sides; and the family coach was restarted with its full complement.

Everything went on swimmingly for a few weeks. The ladylike housemaid developed into a genuine treasure; and the cook gave grateful evidences of proficiency in her art. The Melbourne "Cup week" was approaching with its customary setting of festivities; and Mrs. Robinson determined to launch out into dinner-parties. The first two went off capitally, the servants doing their duty as to the manner born. Mrs. Robinson, flushed with the over-confidence begotten of success, now began to laud the virtues of her domestics to her acquaintance, and to congratulate herself on the good fortune which had aggregated under her roof so perfect a trio. True, the liquor was going rather rapidly; and I had strong suspicions that the whiskey set out for me every night was tempered with quite an unnecessary quantity of water. Besides the cook was beginning to give occasional indications of unsteadiness in her gait which might have been owing to rheumatism as she alleged, but which unfortunately for that comforting theory, was combined with ropiness of utterance, uncertainty of diction, and a pronounced tendency to "take offence." Mrs. Robinson did not care to sacrifice herself on the altar of logic but preferred to take an optimistic view of these "peculiarities," as she airily styled them, and embarked on preparations for her third dinner-party. On the morning of the day fixed, the cook nearly drove Mrs. Robinson into hysterics by suddenly demanding permission to go that evening to a distant

part of the town to see some friends. The lady recovered herself, and refused the mild boon; recriminatory language followed; and the cook, not appeased by a crowning victory in the war of words, retired to her room in an outbuilding, and scornfully refused to enter into negotiations with any one, although embassies were despatched to her from time to time to arrange a temporary accommodation on the "most favored cook" principle. Ultimately, she consented to perform her functions, but she was clearly the worse for drink, and her "peculiarities" asserted themselves in the evening in an aggravated form, to the great disadvantage of the dinner. Later on she advanced into the violent stage of intoxication, and had to be forcibly ejected from the house. Next morning she magnanimously waived her claim to a month's notice, or wages in lieu of it, and departed bag and baggage.

It was a Pyrrhic victory for Mrs. Robinson. The "Cup week" was close at hand. A vast amount of thought, labor, and organization was required in connection with the ladies' dresses; and everything and everybody was *en fête*—even including our cook-less selves. However, a cook had to be got somehow. All Mrs. Robinson's friends were *désolés* that she had not made inquiries about one to them a week earlier. Then there was a positive plethora in the supply of just such cooks as Mrs. Robinson wanted. But now—well, we know the way of the world, and how we get a day behind the fair when we want anything. The weary round of the registry offices had to be tried again. They were all drawn blank as to quality, and I was requested to use the Melbourne Club for my meals until domestic derangements should be righted by the direct interposition of Providence. We saw no other means. Indeed, it was becoming a question whether we should not all migrate in a despairing body to an hotel, when, one afternoon, a "visitor" was announced as being in the drawing-room. To all outward seeming she certainly merited the delicate attention of being ceremoniously ushered into the drawing-room; but it turned out, after the weather had been affably discussed, that she was a cook come to inquire into the place. Mrs. Robinson went satisfactorily through her catechism. Perhaps the surroundings had a soothing effect as being propitiatory to the cook's sense of dignity. At any rate, she expressed herself pleased, and consented to take charge of the kitchen department. We got through

the "Cup week" without any household hitches. Then came another catastrophe. The parlormaid, who, having been with us from the start, was regarded as an ancient retainer, gave notice. She had, she said, borne with her own sense of what was due to her silently, for some time, and had tried to content herself with every other Sunday out and one day of relaxation per week. But there were now fortnightly balls and other social gatherings amongst her friends, and she must either attend them regularly or leave. She left. I do not think that she would have taken that extreme step if we had consented to her giving an occasional return entertainment; but we did not jump at dextrous hints to that effect, and her sense of her social duties was too strong to allow her to stay without the concession. So she went. The housemaid was promoted in her stead, and a new housemaid got on trial, who proved hopelessly incompetent for the post. She did not vex us for long, but in the short time she was with us she contrived to deal mercilessly with the glass and crockery. Just before Christmas we replaced her with a dashing damsel rejoicing in a profusion of ringlets, but, practically, during the Christmas week, we had to do without servants. They had to be humored in all sorts of ways, and must have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. They seemed to have an immense circle of friends eager for their society, and were far oftener out of the house, on a jaunt, than in it. As for us, our sufferings were intensified by the occurrence of two hot-wind days in the middle of the week, and by the consequent necessity of having to economize the water supply, just when we wanted it most. As often happens, the amenities of Christmas time were productive of disagreements amongst those who had spent their time in feasting and dancing. "Words" arose in the servants' hall, until incompatibility of temper in the sanctum developed itself into overt acts of violence, which resulted in the complete triumph of the cook, and the notified departure of the other two, despite our anxious offers of arbitration.

Mrs. Robinson now resolved to go on another tack in her choice of servants. Like a true general she took in all the features of the situation and adopted a bold and novel plan of campaign. The cook, so she reasoned, was a jewel, professionally, and a woman of pronounced character—very! If servants could be procured who would submit themselves uncomplainingly to her will, all would be

well; and the seeds of permanency in domestic arrangements might be, at length, sown. For this end it was necessary to secure young and untrained girls. The trouble and worry of having to educate them for their places *ab ovo* had to be faced, but Mrs. Robinson was prepared to adopt this as the best of two bitter alternatives. In pursuance of this policy of desperation, an artless maiden beaming with rusticity was ferreted out from a remote country "township" to serve as parlormaid, while, for the subordinate post, we were fortunate enough to discover a girl just in her teens, who was being brought up in the seclusion of an orphan asylum. They both blushed vividly, or laughed and giggled with nervous apprehension, when addressed. They dropped things at critical moments, delivered letters and cards with their fingers, ushered everybody who called into the drawing-room in utter oblivion of social distinctions, offered dishes at table on the right hand side of the diner instead of the left, and grew palpably inclined, when waiting, to cut into the general conversation. But they worked like slaves, though at a marvellously slow rate of speed, tidied everything to distraction, brushed the pile off the carpets, never seemed to tire, and stood any amount of abuse with the humility of a British lodging-house slavey. The cook endured their patient efforts with a lofty scorn, but there was magnanimity in it and even enjoyment. She ruled the kitchen with a rod of iron, and, if her temper was at times fiery, it was not expended upon us. She took every advantage of the working powers of her subordinates, and treated them, socially, like worms. They had not yet begun to "know their places," and they were eagerly snapped up when we left.

I do not know that ours was an absolutely average experience of the servant difficulty, but it was sufficiently so to give a fair indication of the troubles with which the colonial housekeeper has to contend in this respect. Ladies in the colonies have waxed eloquent to me on the subject of their "treasures" of maids and even of cooks, but I have generally found good reason to consider in these cases that the mistress was inclined to be very easily pleased, or that she was unwilling to confront herself with signs and tokens subversive of her expressed belief. Doubtless, as I have already said, you can get as good servants in the big colonial towns and even up country as anywhere else. You may even manage to keep them for

long periods, while asserting your rights to rule; a good mistress, if long resident, has of course the best chances. Her character is certain to be well known; and there is something distantly approaching to competition in the demand for a place in her house. But even in such a case it is the mistress rather than the maid who is "on trial." In short, in domestic arrangements as in many other matters, the Australian colonies bear out their position as our Antipodes. It may be that this will be denied by some, but it may be sufficient, in support of a position gleaned from actual experience to point to the zest with which schemes for bringing Singhalese or Indo-Portuguese servants over from India are canvassed by colonial mistresses, and to the extent to which the abhorred John Chinaman has become a necessity. If there is an Earthly Paradise for servants it is situate in the Australian colonies. Moreover, it is ready made, and the entrance door is always wide open. The effect upon mistresses is — beneficial.

C. J. ROWE.

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From The Spectator.

#### INTERVIEWING EXTRAORDINARY.

WE have not much reason to be proud of the new journalism that is flourishing among us at home, but at least we may congratulate ourselves that it has not yet reached the pitch of folly and audacity at which it seems to have arrived in France. The French journalist has long enjoyed an almost boundless license, and an equally complete immunity from the consequences of the freedom in which he indulges, save on the occasions when policy or a wish for advertisement induces him to fight innocuous duels with his friends or colleagues. This freedom, added to the spirit of enterprise and inventive genius, that is characteristic of all his nation, seems to have carried him at last even beyond the bounds that are tolerated by his countrymen. Indeed, his last feat is of too embarrassing a nature to be borne. The Bompard-Eyraud trial for murder, after a prolonged agony of conflicting evidence, confessions, and recantations, was at length drawing to a close. While it lasted, journalists had drawn immense capital out of it. They had interviewed the prisoners, the relations of the murdered man, the doctor, the witnesses, and the prison officials, and had been able to gratify the morbid curiosity

of their patrons in the most satisfactory manner; so that, in a measure, one can understand their reluctance to let so productive a subject die out without some further effort on their part to profit by it. There was nothing left to be made known but the verdict; therefore they privately and separately interviewed the jurors, and published their verdict before it was asked for, the consequence apparently being that a fresh jury will have to be called, and the trial recommenced. An excellent invention, says the *Charivari*; but, it adds, if the public is to be allowed to interview the jurors after this fashion, why should not the prisoner be allowed to interview them also? Why should he not visit them all in turn, and sue for their favorable votes, after the manner of a would-be Academician, who personally solicits the good-will of his future colleagues? Why not, indeed? But why have any formalities of trial, judge and jury, at all? These enterprising interviewers and reporters seem so capable of collecting evidence and commenting on it, of correcting the pleadings of the counsel, and observing the demeanor of the prisoner, that the whole trial might be carried on free of cost in the sheets of a newspaper; a *plébiscite* of its readers might be published in place of a jury's verdict, and sentence might be passed in accordance with a similar popular vote; so that the whole costly and cumbrous machinery of law and justice might be done away with in favor of an arrangement which would add immensely to the profits of journalism and the pleasure of newspaper readers. After all, the justice of the case is quite a secondary consideration in the mind of the public. The only drawback would be that it would be impossible to get a sentence of capital punishment passed, or probably to get any punishment inflicted at all; but that would be amply compensated for by the enormous increase of murder and crime, and the consequent abundance of pleasant subjects for public discussion. It is rather amusing to remark that in the present case, one of the jurors who had been entrapped into giving his verdict, has been obliged to submit to further interviews, in order to assert the innocence of his intentions; a strange case of "the hair of the dog that bit him." So far, we have seen no attempt on the part of English journalists to tamper with the jurymen and extract their pinions by means of interviews; but in other ways they are by no means blameless. Every day the salutary law that forbids the dis-

cussion of a case that is still *sub judice*, is evaded in one way or another. In a dreadful case of murder that is now being tried, pretty nearly the whole of the evidence was put before the public long before the case came into court at all. Policemen were interviewed, cross-examined, and generally hampered and embarrassed by the determination of the public to assist in the hunt. Judging from the accounts in the papers, the husband of the victim must have been interviewed a dozen times a day, in order that a curious public might view his grief, and listen to his sobs and broken utterances. Even the mother of the prisoner was put upon this intolerable rack, and tortured into giving information that might perhaps be used as evidence against her own daughter. The more horrible and inhuman the crime, the more eager is this insatiable curiosity; the more sordid and hateful its details and surroundings, the more lovingly does the reporter describe and the reader gloat over them. In the case of the unhappy wretch who was lately hanged for murder in Canada, hardly an hour of his life from the time of his imprisonment was left unreported; his idle words, his way of walking, his clothes, the very food that he ate, everything, down to his last death-struggle on the scaffold, was made known for the public benefit. To what end? What possible good can come of a practice that degrades both the journalist and his reader? The gratification of an unhealthy, of an unnatural and morbid appetite, brings no good with it. It is a practice among certain African tribes to commit suicide by eating dirt. Surely it is a form of moral suicide that is committed by those people who willingly batten upon this garbage.

Interviewing, however, has its comic side as well as this painful one, from which one willingly turns away. The interviewer may be actuated by very different purposes. He may wish to collect information on a subject of general interest by consulting authorities who would otherwise be backward in offering an opinion,—a praiseworthy intention which is not often followed by any good results. Or he may be anxious, by dint of cross-examination, to extract opinions which the owner has not the courage to avow publicly. Or, again, he may look upon himself as a kind of interpreter, who, knowing exactly what questions the public is anxious to ask, undertakes to provide them with suitable answers. But the most general and common form of interviewing

is that which is simply occupied in satisfying the eternal, restless curiosity of the world with regard to trifles. Should some eminent divine come prominently before the public, that public is anxious to learn many things of him. They do not care to know what his theological tenets may be, nor what is the extent of his learning, nor what are his views as to Church policy; but they are hungry for information as to his personal appearance, to know if gaiters are becoming to his legs, whether he drinks port or is a teetotaler, whether or not he approves of dancing on or off the stage, what is his private opinion of his archbishop, and in how many minutes he can run a mile. On all these points the interviewer enlightens them; points upon which the good man, if left to himself, would never have thought of discoursing. In one daily journal such interviews seem to form its chief attraction. We have seen in its pages an interview with an African traveller, with the object of ascertaining his opinion as to the comparative merits of English novelists; an interview with a hangman, containing a dissertation upon various kinds of rope; an interview with a tight-rope dancer, in which, strangely enough, no mention was made of the rope, but the most curious speculations were advanced on the subject of dress; an interview with a fasting man, with a view to finding out his ideas upon every-day diet, to which was appended a most learned discourse on the dangers of eating too much; an interview with a boot-maker, savoring rather of advertisement; an interview with a bishop, with a socialist, with a private soldier, with a preacher, a criminal, a champion boxer, and a man who had been born without joints. In all of these interviews, the personal appearance, dress, and manners of the victim are carefully described; his furniture, his pictures, his manservant, or his maidservant, and, if the interviewer gets a chance, his bedroom and wardrobe too. But here we may remark that not all their victims are unwilling ones, and that there are many people who are even more eager to be interviewed than the public is to interview them. The garment of reserve and reticence which the world seems so anxious to tear away from its public characters, is one of which some people are only too glad to strip themselves, laying bare their most private life for universal inspection. The idle, morbid curiosity that is forever wishing to pry behind the curtain—to tear off the coverings and see what is underneath—is fully equalled by the

huge and preposterous egotism that prompts so many people to give up themselves for its food, and so gain a doubtful notoriety. Some, of course, cannot help themselves; hard fortune has deprived them of privacy of life, and they have to submit to be interviewed, or perhaps even endure worse things; but they form but a small minority of the great number of personages who are continually being turned inside out for our edification. If one was only sure that one saw the real lining, the process would be at least a more entertaining one; but the truth of these revelations depends chiefly on the interviewer, and he is by no means infallible.

In interviewing as a fine art, we are still far behind our American cousins. The first tender that boards the ship upon which a distinguished visitor arrives at their shores, swarms with interviewers. Scarcely has the object of their attentions set his foot on land, when the newspapers are informing their readers of his clothes, of his luggage, his seasickness, his gait, his moral character, his favorite oath, the amount of money in his pocket, and how much he lost at whist during the passage. If the distinguished traveller is a wise man, he will give himself up to the tender mercies of his inquisitors, and they will deal with him honestly and kindly after their own lights; but should he be restive and obstructive to this inquisition, his torture will only be prolonged, and the information which is ultimately offered to the public—for the public must have information, whether he be willing or not—will be considerably less than kind. On the whole, we prefer the American style of interviewing, disagreeable as it is, because it is more honest, and makes no pretences. There is no question with them of seeking a serious and valued opinion upon a serious and debatable subject; they simply say to their celebrity,—when they have caught him, “You are a great man, and we are a set of frivolous fools; give us something that is both foolish and frivolous to talk about,”—whereas the English interviewer puts on a grave face, pretends that he is acting as a channel for conveying momentous and weighty instruction to a public that is anxious to be enlightened, and has the air of fulfilling a solemn mission while he babbles inanities. It must be a sorry trade, that of the interviewer; and we would that there were no occasion for it; if it were only to save some of our fellow-creatures from being forced to play the humiliating and discreditable rôle of Paul Pry.

From Nature. 20 November.

#### KOCH'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

DURING the last week Koch has made a further communication regarding his treatment of tuberculosis, which has been received with intense interest and perhaps with a certain amount of disappointment. For he has described his mode of applying the new remedy with sufficient accuracy to allow medical men to use it in the treatment of their patients, but he has left us still completely in the dark regarding the nature of the remedy itself.

A certain quantity of the remedy can be obtained from Dr. Libbertz, who has undertaken its preparation with the co-operation of Dr. Koch himself and Dr. Pfühl, but their stock is at present small, and larger quantities will not be obtainable for some weeks. In exercising this reserve regarding the nature of the remedy he employs, Dr. Koch has probably done very wisely, for it is evident that the substance he uses is very powerful and any inaccuracy or imperfection in its preparation might prove injurious to patients, and bring discredit upon the mode of treatment.

The remedy is a brownish, transparent fluid which is much too strong for use until it has been largely diluted with water. The diluted solution is applied by subcutaneous injection. There is a remarkable difference between the action of this remedy upon guinea-pigs, healthy men, and phthisical patients. Two cubic centimetres of the undiluted liquid produces no sensible effect when injected under the skin of a guinea-pig; but, calculated by body weight, the fifteen-hundredth part of this quantity produces cough, difficulty of breathing, sickness, vomiting, and fever, lasting for about twelve hours, in a human being. The presence of tubercle in the organism appears to render it extremely susceptible to the action of the remedy, for while the hundredth part of a cubic centimetre, *i.e.*, one twenty-fifth part of the dose just mentioned as producing fever in healthy subjects, has no effect upon them, it will cause high fever along with coughing and sickness in tuberculous patients. Nor is this to be wondered at, for the remedy exerts its action upon the tissues which have been infiltrated by the tubercle bacillus and not upon the bacillus itself. It causes these tissues to die and be thrown off along with the bacilli they contain. This process is accompanied by fever, which the dose of the remedy used would not produce in health. In consequence of this the remedy may be used as



a means of ascertaining the presence of tuberculosis as well as of curing it. If it causes more fever than it ought to do, in a doubtful case of phthisis, the presence of tubercle may be assumed, and when it ceases to produce fever in a patient under treatment the cure may be regarded as well-nigh complete. The effect of the remedy upon the diseased tissues can be seen in cases of lupus, where the tubercle bacillus infiltrates the skin instead of attacking the lungs as it does in consumption. A few hours after the remedy has been injected into the skin of the back, the spots of lupus on the face, far away from the seat of the injection, begin to swell and redden, and then become brown and dead, while the healthy tissue around becomes red and inflamed. The spots then become converted into dry crusts, which fall off in one or two weeks, leaving a clean red cicatrix behind. This result is very much like that produced by the direct application of a strong arsenical paste to the lupus spots. The tubercle bacilli weaken the vitality of the tissues which they infiltrate. The arsenic finishes the process they have begun, and kills the weakened tissues altogether, while it does not destroy the healthy tissues, and the once diseased but now dead part withers up and falls away from the living and healthy parts around. But arsenic can only do this when applied to the lupus in quantities sufficient to poison the patient many times over if it were absorbed into the blood, and consequently is quite out of the question as a cure for tuberculosis. Koch's remedy, on the other hand, seems to seek out tubercular tissue wherever it may be, and almost certainly produces changes in tubercular lungs and joints similar to those in lupus spots, although its action cannot be seen in the former as it can be in the skin. The fact that the new remedy does not destroy the tubercle bacilli, but only the tissues in which they are embedded, is distinctive of Koch's new method, which promises to effect a radical change in the treatment, not only of tubercle, but of many other diseases.

Since the discovery by Metschnikoff six years ago that the cells of the blood and tissues can eat up and digest the bacilli which constitute the germs of many diseases, the view has been constantly gaining ground that recovery or death in infective diseases is simply a question of the victory of the cells of a living organism or of the bacilli by which they have been attacked. In seeking for methods of cure men have tried either to find a way

to weaken and destroy the bacilli, or to strengthen the resisting power of the tissues. When an organism is attacked by a new disease, it succumbs like an untrained army in the presence of an enemy. But the tissues appear to acquire a power of resistance, and if the first attack be recovered from, the organism is in many instances insusceptible to subsequent infection, as is shown in the case of small-pox, whether this has been accidentally acquired or intentionally inoculated. But an army may be trained to military tactics by sham fights instead of actual warfare, and the cells of an organism may become endowed with the power of resisting any infection, however virulent, by successive inoculations of a virus, weak at first, but gradually increasing in power. This was the plan followed by Pasteur in his inoculations for anthrax. In these he employed at first anthrax bacilli so weakened by cultivation in an unfavorable medium that they produced nothing more than a slight indisposition, and then a virus less and less weakened until the virus of full strength could be successfully resisted. This process was one of protection rather than cure, but in his researches on rabies Pasteur turned his genius to the discovery of a means of cure. As he informed the commission which went from this country to report on his method, he was himself not exactly aware how he arrived at his mode of treatment, but the conclusion had formulated itself in his mind that the disease produced a substance which was a protective against its own action. The treatment which he based on this conclusion has been so successful as to lead to many attempts to separate disease-germs and protective. These attempts have hitherto been fruitless in the case of rabies, but have been successful in other diseases. By cultivating disease-germs in a suitable liquid, and afterwards killing the germs themselves by heat, or removing them by filtration through porcelain, solutions have been obtained quite free from germs, and containing only the substances they have formed during their life and growth. Such solutions have been shown by M. Pasteur's pupils and others to have the power of protecting from septicæmia, anthrax, typhoid fever, and diphtheria; and Professor S. Dixon, of Philadelphia, has succeeded in rendering animals resistant to inoculation with tubercle by previously inoculating them with the products of growth of the tubercle bacillus.

Most interesting experiments on the nature of these protective substances have

been made by Wooldridge, Hankin, and Sydney Martin, who have shown that they are probably either globulins or albumoses rather than alkaloids, although Martin has obtained an alkaloid which produces all the symptoms of anthrax, and possibly may protect against it.

Koch's direction that his new remedy is to be prescribed under the name of paratoluid seems to indicate that it belongs to a class of bodies more nearly akin to alkaloids than to albumoses. Para-acet-toluid has been investigated by Jaffe and Hilbert, and found, like Koch's remedy, to be innocuous to the lower animals. It is possible that the new remedy may belong entirely to that class which has furnished us lately with so many valuable antipyretics and analgesics. But it seems more probable that it consists partly at least of a lymph containing the products generated by some microbe. One's first thought would naturally be that the substances formed by the tubercle bacillus itself would be chosen by Koch for curative as they have been by Dixon for protective purposes. But tubercle differs much from many other infective diseases, for anthrax, typhus, scarlet fever, or measles, run a definite course, and if they do not kill the patient at once, they protect him from a subsequent attack. But the attack of hectic fever which daily recurs in a patient suffering from phthisis confers no protection on him at all, but rather hastens the progress of the disease to a fatal termination.

The case is sometimes different when disease due to another microbe attacks a patient suffering from some form of tuberculosis. Thus lupus has been seen to shrivel and die after an attack of erysipelas or measles, and peritonitis, supposed to be tubercular, has disappeared during recovery from diphtheria. Judging from the resemblance between the effects of Koch's remedy and those of erysipelas, measles, or diphtheria, we should be inclined to suppose it to consist of a filtered culture of the germs of one of these or of some such infective disease, probably mixed with some kind of paratoluid.

It may perhaps seem idle to speculate on the composition of a remedy which its discoverer will probably describe fully ere long, but it must be remembered that tuberculosis, though one of the most frightful scourges of mankind, is not the only ill that flesh is heir to. There are others, with a less mortality perhaps, but even more feared by the sufferers themselves, and we may trust that the lines of

research just indicated, whether they be exactly those on which Koch has been working or not, may lead to the discovery of certain cures for scarlet fever, diphtheria, gummata, and that most dreaded of all — cancer.

T. L. B.

From The Economist.

#### GENERAL BOOTH'S SCHEME.

THOUGH we have no desire to prophesy failure in regard to General Booth's scheme, and are fully convinced of the purity of his motives and the genuineness of his desire to ameliorate the suffering which he sees around him, we cannot help feeling very strongly that there are certain objections to his scheme which he does not appear to have sufficiently taken into account. Again, we in no sense declare that these objections are necessarily fatal and cannot be disposed of. All we wish is, that they should be kept before him at a time when he is meeting with the severest trial that can overtake a social or religious reformer — the indiscriminate and unintelligent approval of well-meaning people. We criticise General Booth's plan of action not because we are out of sympathy with his endeavors, but because we are sincerely anxious, as he is himself, to see some solution found for the terrible evils that accompany the spread of our civilization. Persons who have no real desire to see the condition of the very poor improved, or who are cynically sceptical as to the possibility of improvement, may be content to pass by the general's scheme with a smile of pity and contempt. Those, however, who are eager that no effort should be spared to bring about a change for the better cannot refrain from criticism merely because there is a risk of that criticism being misjudged. It is always difficult to get men to apply their minds steadily to the task of raising their fellow-creatures, but this difficulty would be enormously increased if the new departure in philanthropy, after having raised the highest enthusiasm and awakened the most generous impulses, were to end in failure. The resulting reaction would injure and throw discredit on charitable effort for a whole generation.

The first point which we think should be carefully considered by General Booth and his supporters is, whether the scheme, as at present proposed, is not planned on too large a scale. Surely it would be better to begin by an undertaking of more

modest dimensions, out of which, if successful, the greater plan could be developed. We are well aware that the Salvation Army has already got a number of small shelters in working order, and that, as far as they go, they have proved successful. It is, however, a more complete experiment that we desire to see attempted, and one which will properly test the truth of the fundamental assumptions on which the general's proposals are based. Because a Whitechapel refuge can be made nearly self-supporting, and can afford help in many very distressing cases, it does not follow that the complicated mechanism which will be required for the City Colony, the Country Colony, and the Colony over-sea, and for the other institutions designed to assist the poor will be got to work with ease and smoothness. No doubt the general's great success in organizing the Salvation Army is to some extent a guarantee that his plan will not be administratively a failure. Yet, notwithstanding this fact, we cannot help feeling strongly that by experimenting at first on a moderate though sufficient scale, a far greater chance of permanent success will be opened up for the new system.

Another difficulty which does not seem to have been sufficiently considered, though we admit it has not been altogether overlooked, is the unwillingness of the larger portion of the "submerged tenth" to do any sort of work unless absolutely compelled. The whole success of the new scheme depends upon the assumption that the waifs and strays, who will find their way into the city shelters, and who will thence be drafted off to the country, will, when properly looked after, work as contentedly and as effectively as the inmates of a bee-hive. Unfortunately, however, there is very little hope that this will actually be the case. By straining and sifting the human waste of London a good many men and women will no doubt be found who are naturally inclined to be industrious, and who owe their degradation to nothing but misfortune. Others, again, will be brought under the religious influence of the Salvation Army, and will thereby be reclaimed and induced to lead a new life. But, even admitting that a large percentage of victims of misfortune and of reformed persons are thus saved to society, how are the residuum to be made to work? Not a few of them will be physically incapable of even the small amount of strain required for sifting household rubbish, while others will not have the mental stamina which makes per-

sistent labor possible. Their intentions will often be excellent, but the moment the supervisor's eye is off them they will sink into a sort of intellectual lethargy as fatal to wood-chopping or cinder-screening as to the conduct of a mercantile house. It may be answered, no doubt, that even if all the Salvation Army ultimately contrives to do is to sift the human waste of London more skilfully than it has ever been sifted before, and, therefore, to save certain men and women from social wreckage, they will still have done much, and with this verdict we should in a certain sense agree. To do this good work is not, however, to find a panacea for the evils of modern civilization, and only harm can be done by pretending that it is. People are certain to be disappointed if they imagine that vice and misery are to be banished from England, as if by the waving of an enchanter's wand. And yet another doubt presents itself in regard to General Booth's proposals. Is there not grave reason to fear that he will only remove one battalion of the submerged tenth to call another into existence? When the lowest population of other countries learn that the ranks of the vagabonds have been emptied in London, and that in London food and shelter are provided under fairly pleasant conditions for those who demand them, shall we not attract the scum of Europe to our shores, and make England a sort of depot for free colonization? Possibly General Booth will not find this difficulty in reality so hard to meet as it seems, but, at any rate, the matter is one for consideration.

It is worth noticing that the first stage of General Booth's plan is nothing but a humanized casual ward. In theory, the workhouse offers food and lodging to any one who applies, provided that the applicant will pay for such accommodation in labor. In practice, however, it has been found necessary to give a penal character to the work, and to render it severe and unattractive, in order to prevent men too easily availing themselves of public charity. How will General Booth meet this difficulty? He does not want to draw men to his refuges who are now contriving to live independently. Yet this might easily happen if his colonies were made pleasant homes. To be freed from responsibility and care on condition of sorting so much rubbish a day would be an attractive prospect to such men, and there are many, as put little value on individual liberty. We do not, of course, pretend to maintain that this or any other of the ob-

jections we have urged must necessarily be fatal to General Booth's scheme. We trust, indeed, most sincerely that they will not prove so. All we want to insist on is, that, at any rate, they are important enough to receive the most earnest consideration of the promoters of the new departure in charitable effort.

From St. James's Gazette.

ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE AT MUNICH.  
A HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL SPECIMEN.

THE following curiosity of German-English is being thrown into the railway-carriage windows, or otherwise distributed along the railway between Munich and Oberau, among travellers to and from the passion-play at Oberammergau:—

PUBLICATION OF OBJEKTS OF ARTS BY  
— IN MUNICH RECOMMENDED RE-  
MEMBRANCES on the OBERAMMER-  
GAUER PASSIONSTHEATRE.

Charming souvenirs from the cheapest till to the finest objekts.

Hatdepôt in Oberau Grand kiosk on the railwaystationplace by the hotel "Zur Post" Office in Oberammergau in the mainstreet opposite the kgl. Postoffice.

Cigars and cigarets of every kind. Specialitees of carved works in every selection about 500 No. Woodwares in olive wood with paintings.

Optical Wares; Spyglasses, Opera-glasses etc. etc.

Black and colored photographes and albums from the Passionstheatre, Oberammergau and surrounding countries, as well as the insights of the king palasts "Linderhof," "Neuschwanstein," "Hohenschwangau," & "Herrenchiemsee." Official leaders from Oberammergau to the king's palast's. Leather and fancy goods and other articles like portmanteaus, cigaretuis, lettercases, memorandumbooks, paperweights, broches, walking sticks essentuell Gentlemen and lady pocket-knives in the grandest selection, with turtles, mother of pearls, ivory, horn, wood, dearshorn from 50 Pf. till 14 Marks. Every article is provited with Souvenirs on Oberammergau further "with Noble whites."

OBERAMMERGAU RUTZ'SCHES WINE RESTAURANT of the "Goldenen Traube." The only wine employment of this place in the mainstreet next the kgl. Postoffice.

Selected superiors, warranted pure in- and outlandish wines in glasses and but- tles.

Protuberated fine warm kitchen to every daytime. Cold dishes in the grandest selection. Protuberated coffee and rich sortiment in confitures, cakes, etc.

Civil prises, comfortable localitys and quick attendance. Meeting place for the haute vaulée. Garden by the house.

Every article is carrying salutions ore souvenirs from Oberammergau, with "Noble Whites" ingenious, painted or pure.

Every buyer is receyving informations about any things, he wonted to know, like about lodgings, tickets, etc. etc.

In a paper recently read before the Vienna Academy, Herren Elster and Geitel give the results of a year and a half's observations of atmospheric electricity on the north side of Wolfenbüttel (bordering an extensive meadow). They used a stand carrying a petroleum flame and connected by insulated wire with an electroscope. A marked difference was found in the phenomena of spring, summer, and autumn, on the one hand, and winter on the other. In the former the daily variation of the fall of potential showed a distinct maximum between 8 and 9 A.M., as Exner found at St. Gilgen, and a distinct minimum between 5 and 6 P.M., whereas Exner found a maximum about 6. In winter there is great irregularity; but a weak minimum occurs about 11 A.M., and a more decided maximum about 7 P.M. It appears to the authors that other factors than humidity, with which Exner seeks to explain the variations, are concerned in the case. When the temperature goes below zero, cold mist being then generally present,

there is often rather a sharp rise in the values, the aqueous vapor having then less action. Rainfall in a neighboring region lowers the fall of potential both in winter and summer, and a disturbance of the normal course will announce a coming change in places still unclouded. Snow, it seems, rather raises the values. It has been shown by Linss that the course of the fall of potential is inversely as the coefficient of dispersion of the air for electricity; which, again, depends not only on the dust and aqueous vapor present, but also, according to Arrhenius's theory, on a sort of electrolytic or dissociative action of the sun's rays on the atmosphere (thus it has been shown that electricity escapes from a conductor under the influence of ultra-violet rays). The authors find their results support this latter view. They consider that the electric processes during formation of precipitates are the chief cause of the disturbance of the normal condition.

Nature.

